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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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For the Register.

POPERY AND THE FATHERS.

MR. EDITOR,—A few Sundays ago I exchanged pulpits with a brother minister settled in a village within a score of miles from the city; and while I was dining with the minister's excellent right hand man, near the Church, in rushed through outer and inner door, without the formality of touching bell or knocker or knuckle at either, a very earnest looking gentleman. Without apology or preamble he at once asked for the use of the Unitarian pulpit that afternoon to batter down the Pope and Catholic Church from it. Said he was agent of the Protestant Association, and was going round the country in the spirit of a 2d Luther to complete the Reformation, which had unfortunately stopped half-way ever since the 1st Luther for want of some such zealous apostles. As I was a stranger in the Church he wanted, I turned him over at once to the hospitable right hand man for his answer. He, like a Christian-hearted Amphytrion, as he is, at once pressed the Protestant zealot to take dinner, and then assured him that what he asked could not be permitted. "I preached in the Orthodox Church here this forenoon," said the ardent opponent of the Pope, "and yours is the only other Church in the village, and I have not time before the bell rings to get to the Methodist three miles off." For all that, our host unrelentingly told him to go back to the Orthodox Society, for they would hear him abuse Catholics with more sympathy twice a day, than Unitarians would once. So the frustrated denouncer of the Scarlet Lady brought his meal to a summary conclusion, and hasted off to get to the Methodists before the sermon had begun. Before he went, however, in answer to a suggestion that it would seem a more natural course for him to address the Catholics themselves than to stir up Protestant bigotry by preaching in villages where there dwelt not one papist, he replied candidly enough that he preached to get Protestant money wherewith to convert the Papists.

This is a specimen of the spirit in which the operations of the Protestant Alliance are to be conducted. The incident sent me home more favorably disposed to the Church of what Carlyle called the "old Chimæra at Rome" than I ever felt before; and I at once plunged into all the old Catholic books I could lay hands on, in hopes of finding (perverse as was the wish) something strong and hard enough to break a tooth or two of the Protestant Association in some of its envious bites. For that the Orthodox should be so bitter against a mighty Church whose principles are so much like their own, does sorely tempt me to suspect a little envy and jealousy toward a more successful competitor at the same weapons. But I found I could not become a Catholic. In spite of all the zealous aids of the Protestant Association to this end, I could not swallow the Pope. That Holy Alliance has been more successful in this way with some distinguished converts to Catholicity in this neighborhood, but my fauces have not yet been sufficiently lubricated to bolt the

"Friars black, white and gray,
With all their trumpery."

I should not wonder, however, if this Alliance goes on blackening the old Chimæra and making the "Infallible Church" so much more fallible than it really is, that the result should be to disgust many generous minds out of Protestantism, when they discover the falsehood of many of these vulgar prejudices of Calvinistic bigotry. They will find when they travel to Catholic countries, even in Rome itself, if I may judge from my own experience, that the real and practical errors of Popery have been so exaggerated and caricatured to them, that they will feel inclined, by way of amends, to a generous sympathy with them, rushing from extreme to extreme.

The strong ground maintained by my old Catholic books is Tradition and the Fathers; and they proved to me pretty clearly that all Trinitarians, and especially all Episcopalians, ought to be Catholics;—and Roman Catholics; not merely Catholics in the sense in which our worthy Episcopal friends of the High Church give themselves airs sometimes. To be consistent they ought to believe in Transubstantiation, &c. It is not strange that the Puseyites are fighting for the Real Presence, and then soon after by natural affinity dropping into the arms of His Holiness on the seven hills. The arguments for the Trinity, &c., stand on the same place with those for Transubstantiation, &c. Neither can be proved from the Bible; both may from the Fathers. Establish them first by aid of these old gentlemen, and then there is something in Scripture that *may* be interpreted in their favor. But it will not do to begin with Scripture. Protestant Trinitarians think they do so, and that they find their doctrine there; but, without suspecting it, they have been taught to read Scripture by the light which those old men's traditions throw on it, and of course interpret it in harmony with them. Calvinists stand on Tradition like Romanists, only they do not confess it; making one more point of resemblance in addition to those acknowledged; and all explaining their bigoted rivalry on the old maxim that two of a trade cannot agree.

Why then do they not hold to the Real Presence? They ought to. Luther and the Lutherans did, and the Church of England did in some of its formularies, hard as they tried to dodge this doctrine. We have a letter from Luther in which he regrets that the Fathers, &c., were so strong on the point he could not give it up, though extremely desirous because it would spite the Pope so sorely. So he retained it with the change of a syllable, to broaden the line between the old Church and the Reformed, calling it Consubstantiation instead of Transubstantiation. Hatred of popery and the monstrous nature of the doctrine have gradually driven it from the acknowledgments of Protestants, even where it still stands in their Articles and Catechisms; but it is very clear to me, Patristic authority is just as strong for it and all its adjacent tenets as for the Trinity and Atonement; and it is about as much needed for the latter as for the former. Are not the English Puseyites finding out that it is all a mistake to think of finding a Trinity in the Bible? Learned Catholics have long said so. It is one of their standing jokes against Trinitarian rejecters of the Church Fathers. I recollect when "Middleton on the Greek Article" was making its first sensation, old Father G., a profound Classicist shaking his head and saying, "a fine state of things you Protestants have got Theology into, to be rejoicing and triumphing that a great doctrine of religion like the Trinity may find its support in fanciful speculations on an Article!"

I have conceded that the Fathers of the Church teach the Orthodox doctrines without alarm for Unitarianism, because they teach that too, strange as it may seem. The fact is, Patristic authority is an instrument on which all kinds of tunes may be played, some of them very strange and unpleasing tunes, not to say unseemly. Those holy men seem to rise superior sometimes to the scruples of truthfulness when the benefit of the Church apparently required it. They have borne such contradictory testimony that it is uncertain what was their real belief, but very certain that, whatever it was, quotations from them cannot be depended on for establishing a point. Learned Catholics themselves, like Petavius and Huet, have felt obliged to accuse the teachers of the early Church of Arianism. If we are allowed to select passages from their writings we can prove them good Unitarians. Justin Martin says, "Next *after God* we adore and love that Word who is derived from the ineffable and unbegotten God." And again in speaking of the Logos, "than whom a more royal and just ruler, *after* God the Father, we know not one."

Tertullian writes, "God was not always a Father or Judge, since he could not be a Father before he had a Son, nor a Judge before there was any sin; and there was a time when both sin and the Son were not." He writes in this unorthodox way though the question of the Trinity was controverted in his day, for he tells us that the Sabellians, who were avowed Unitarians, when they met any of their opponents, used to ask, "well, my friends, do we believe in one God or three?"

Lactantius is as explicit as Dr. Priestley. "Our Savior taught that there is but one God, and that He alone is to be worshipped; nor did he ever say once himself that he was God. For he had not been faithful to his trust, if, when he was sent to take away polytheism, and assert the unity of God, he had introduced another beside the true God. This had been not to preach the doctrine of one God, nor to do the business of Him who sent him, but his own." Pretty plain Unitarianism that, is it not!"

And equally satisfactory is Origen's when he says; "If we understand what prayer is, care must be taken that no derivative being be the object of prayer, no not Christ himself, but only the God and Father of the universe, to whom also our Savior himself prayed, as we have before expounded, and as he teaches us to pray. For when one said to him, teach us to pray, he does not teach us to pray to *himself*, but to his Father, saying, "Our Father who art in Heaven, &c." Would not this read very naturally were it a communication or even editorial in the Christian Register!

Clement of Alexandria too would have made an acceptable correspondent for you. In his latter writings he almost invariably represents Christ as a subordinate and created being. Eusebius the historian always does.

But we are sometimes told, these writers are Unitarians only for a special purpose. When that is served, then they are as Orthodox as needful to serve some other purpose. When addressing Jews or philosophical theists, to recommend Christianity they preached the Divine Unity, as the Trinity might have drawn upon them the imputation of polytheism. But when something like polytheism would be a recommendation to the new faith, then of course the Trinity would be made the most of. This is sometimes tenderly characterised as "the *reserve* of the Fathers respecting the Trinity, &c." Reserve! I ask any one with an eye to read the passages I have just quoted and say if there is any 'reserve' about them. Could the Trinity be more explicitly denied! Fine reserve truly to tell direct falsehoods! So these holy men, it appears, have got themselves and their admirers into something like a dilemma. For it must either be said that for the good of the cause and the glory of God, they fibbed occasionally on a pinch; or else they changed their minds so often, or had so little knowledge what they were about or so little settled confidence in their opinions that their testimony would be soon ruled out of any court of inquiry. Their "Gospel of today," not being their Gospel of yesterday or tomorrow, was of course not the Everlasting Gospel.

Besides, the Discipline of the Secret, as Catholics term this supposed reserve of the early teachers, it is maintained, by more learned men than ever I expect to be, only applied to the rites of baptism and the Eucharist, and required no concealment of dogmas. Let who will consult the learned Tentzelius and the still more learned Casaubon, &c., for proof that it was only these ceremonies were made mysteries of, in imitation of the Heathen mysteries of Eleusis, &c. In extending the concealment to doctrines and thickening the mystery by means of a lie, these venerable fibbers must have done it without orders and volunteered untruth. Rather than charge such saints with a disinterested love of lying, it is pleasanter to put them on the softer horn of the dilemma and suppose they were not very clearheaded nor systematically persistent in their views. Many philosophical speculations were floating about in their theological atmosphere, which settled down at different times and in different ways on different minds; and the good Fathers might with perfect honesty speak and write inconsistently about them at different periods:—as our preachers now vary from themselves as well as from each other in philosophical speculations, on metaphysics, transcendentalism, materialism, mesmeriam, phrenology, &c., which are not of the essence of the Gospel any more than the hypotheses of the Trinity or Transubstantiation. When we have become "the Fathers," posterity may wonder and dispute and laugh a little about our notions. And doubtless the best of us (or those who consider themselves so), our most eloquent Chrysostoms, who if they do not speak with golden mouths write with golden pens, are doomed in the progress of enlightenment to the neglect which is rescuing the Seraphic and Angelic Doctors of old from ridicule and contempt by consigning them to oblivion. Already in large libraries we have to say, "The Fathers, where are they?" for they are non-apparent; and the Prophets of past ages do not live for ever in their books. So must it ever be. Unlike Saturn the children devour the Fathers; and not often in the flattering sense of that verb when applied to books.

H. G. E.

CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION.

Let me here say what I mean by Christian instruction. I do not mean any theological system, any creed of a sect as such, but simply that truth revealed in the spirit, the life, the words of Jesus of Nazareth, which all believers in him substantially accept. I mean that truth which makes known our filial relation to God, our fraternal relation to man; which discloses the evil of sin, unfolds the unearthly beauty and unspeakable desirableness of virtue, declares the supremacy of our spiritual nature, and insists upon loyalty to that as the one thing needful. I mean that idea of life, with the law of duty growing out of it, which represents man as born to be an immortal seeker after truth, and goodness, and God; and regards all experience and discipline as having for their final cause, progress towards perfection. I mean that doctrine which makes the salvation of the soul, by its redemption from iniquity, the right development of all its faculties and affections, the end of existence. I mean that doctrine, in all the severity of its justice and all the tenderness of its mercy, in all the terror of its retribution and all the grace of its forgiveness, in all the solemnity of its warnings and all the encouragements of its promises, in all its wise counsels and all its rich consolations. I mean that doctrine which is the absolute and central moral truth; which, as a fountain, nourishes the roots of virtue, and sends out refreshment to toil; which, as a sun, sheds light all abroad, resting on mountain-tops and penetrating dark valleys; which, as a friend, should nowhere be a stranger or an unwelcome guest, but rather be greeted in all places as an angel-presence; that doctrine, not as some suppose, sent only to frown on sin and sympathise with sorrow, and point to the heaven beyond the grave as the sole depository of its rewards and blessings, but designed also to cheer and elevate the dwellers on earth, to rejoice with joy, to make goodness a privilege, to teach that here and now the kingdom of God may be continually coming; that religion may be in honest work as well as in fervent prayer; smile by the fireside of home as well as be reverent at church; infuse justice, integrity, purity, peace; come as a sanctifying, cheerful, hopeful spirit into all scenes, interests, pleasures and pursuits, that are not in themselves false and evil; I mean that doctrine, in all the varieties of its statement and all the modes of its application, when I say, that for the explanation and enforcement of Christian instruction by special instrumentalities and positive institutions, there is peculiar need, in a large and growing city; and that for this specific purpose many spaces must be left among our dwellings, workshops and ware-houses for the sanctuary. [Rev. T. B. Fox.

MAN IS HERE.

The demand for Christian instruction may be presented by bare allusion to the fact,—that a city is composed of men. Man is here: man the sinner, the sufferer, the mortal and the immortal. Man is here, to solve by thought, by fearful inward and outward experiences, the problem of life. Man is here, with the perilous gifts of moral freedom; with the conscience, that can so make his bosom a heaven or a hell; with affections bringing, as they are pure or perverted, such intense happiness or such indescribable misery. Man is here, with his religious nature, his ability for righteousness, his capacity to seek his Maker and Father. Man is here, to make, only for a few years, one of the crowd; to rejoice, and toil, and suffer, whilst moving swiftly and more swiftly on to the tomb and to eternity. Man is here, born to trouble as well as to joy; in his careless childhood and buoyant youth; at the bridal; by the hearth of his home; seeking subsistence and a name; shattered by infirmities; lying motionless in his coffin; buried in his grave. Yes! man is here, to be, by the unalterable laws of the moral universe, in the way of salvation or in the way of perdition. In our statistics we speak coldly of the population as composed of a hundred thousand souls! Put the full meaning into that phrase. Take only one of those souls. Imagine all that may come into its consciousness, shape and color its career, be its life on earth and its retribution hereafter; see that soul as God has made it, and for what God has made it; then think that a hundred thousand souls make up this city, throng these streets, inhabit these dwellings, give and receive, by incessant action and reaction, all the good or evil that here prevails; think of this, and exaggerate, if you can, the importance of Christian instruction;—or the demand for the sanctuary, as conducive to that instruction.

[Rev. T. B. Fox.

THE PRESENT TENDENCY TO A MORE HARMONIOUS UNDERSTANDING OF RELIGIOUS TRUTH.

[From Rev. C. A Bartol's Thanksgiving Sermon.]

Truth, sanctifying truth, is the hope of the world. It is the basis of all real advancement of individual character and social well-being. Apprehended by faith, and resting in the deep convictions of the soul, it is the source and inspiration of all the noble *sentiments* even, of which human nature is capable. Piety and philanthropy are but the twin streams, that can flow clear and refined, from no other fountain than God's truth. Error diverts and pollutes them; doubt is the barren sand that swallows them up. The perception of this holy truth of God has, in times past, been much obscured by the antagonism of many creeds, by the wrestling with each other and mutual excommunications of the several sects. It is a blessed sign, when we see this sectarian strife, notwithstanding some new divisions, (and a *multitude* of true and free divisions of opinion breaks *monotony* and produces *harmony*,) on the whole decidedly moderating; the disposition to assail each other's error giving place to a willingness to recognize each other's truth, in the lull of the whirlwind of contention the soft breezes of charity arising to fan us, and common agreement attracting more attention than special difference. And the diverse denominations thus approximate to each other, because they all gravitate towards the central substance of the Gospel. Some in our times have gone over into historical scepticism, rejection of the miraculous accounts in the New Testament. But they have been like the car, unhitched to slide down the precipice, while the rest of the train moves back united into the ways of safety. Among the great body of believers supernatural faith was never more prevailing, intelligent, and invincible than now. What are called the Liberal Christians have begun to retire, as by common consent, and almost in a body, from some dangerous extremes to which they were approaching; and what are called the Orthodox have shifted their ground from the old untenable form of many dogmas, to meet this countermarch of their long separated brethren. This may be denied by some persons, but one, who has never identified himself with either party, may be permitted, in the pulpit of an independent Christian church, *independent* always, to state now a fact, which the philosophical historian will hereafter impartially narrate. The doctrines of total depravity, irresistible decrees, unconditional election, infant damnation, (pardon is almost needed for uttering that phrase,) everlasting torments, with all their affiliated conclusions, are very much withdrawn on the one side, while those of hereditary bias, inward regeneration, the atonement, and the influence of the Holy Spirit, are more positively accepted and earnestly maintained on the other. The rationalist himself cries out for "conversion," and the companion of the revivalist for "Christian nurture." Let the *words* of the creed or confession of faith stand as they may, Christ is neither *called* "very God" so much on the one hand, nor regarded simply as a man so much on the other. The Trinitarian looks upon him more in his subordinate relation to the Father, and the Unitarian less in his separateness from, and more in his oneness with God. The Universalist preaches retribution reaching beyond the grave, —and his opponent, pausing before the dim veil which Scripture itself hangs over the particular discipline of the future state, is not so swift or stout to maintain that it will be infinite, unmitigated and endless. A sense of the superior and alone essential importance of Christian principle has ever lodged itself in the heart, and is spreading through the church that stands most strongly upon outward forms. And throughout the Protestant world at least, wherever priest, bishop, or teacher is persuaded to take a single step on the line of spiritual and evangelical truth, the people instantly follow, if, indeed, in his laggard slackness, they do not, most of them, march before him.

There begins at length to be a real revelation, indeed, of the unity of Christ's body. The parted garments, for which the soldiers cast lots, seem coming back in the restoration of his re-united doctrines of love. The process is not complete. The dissolving of the old partial and fragmentary schemes of belief is going on, and furnishing ever more elements to re-combine into the glorious whole. I see, in vision, a new theology, built more closely on the realities of Scripture and the human heart, embracing within its frame the best and strongest minds from every existing belief, to stand as a tower of refuge, a fort of defence, and a magazine of formidable and resistless weapons against all the citadels, erected, or that may be erected, of error and unbelief. It is a theology which shall be the intellectual body of the very soul of religion. I behold a divine wisdom, which has yet lain nowhere without a shade, save in the mind and speech of the Master—coming forth incarnate and complete in the hand of his disciples. I discern them moving through remaining mists of misunderstanding, across a narrow strip of sand land, towards the spiritual Canaan flowing with milk and honey to the soul, where all sincere believers shall feel that they belong to one Christian Commonwealth on earth, and are bound to one immeasurable inheritance in heaven. And no sect or leader of a sect, no church or combination of churches, can resist this movement, borne on, as it is, by the same hand that turns the earth on its axis.

But it is not the spiritual rest, or glad harmony, or even immortal prospect of this re-union, that chiefly affects my mind. It is rather the power which Christ's followers will have, through their consent of faith and spirit, to move and save their fellow men. For this Jesus came, and to this all believers are the living means. The end is the uplifting and redemption of the world. Christianity gives the position outside the world, from whence this end is to be reached. The famous problem of Archimedes —*Give me a place to stand, and I will move the world*—is to be solved by the application of the Gospel. That is the lever; the spiritual world, from which it came, is the stand-point. Christ, under God, handles the mighty, irrefragable instrument; but all his disciples lay hold with him. And when they fairly unite in their conviction and correspondent exertions, the world, the old, heavy, sunken world, will start from its ancient seat of sin—it will be aroused from the evil customs in which it has been so long imbedded, and, leaving its shame behind it, spring along the track of purity and everlasting life. War and slavery themselves, being but the shadows cast by moral evil in the heart, the foliage put forth by poisonous roots there, will vanish before the spread of regenerating truth, and leave the soul for a seed-plot to that "Sower" who "went forth to sow." Is not every preliminary and approach, such as I have noted in the points of Christian union, towards the grand result, to be hailed with fervent, cordial, united thanksgiving to God?

[From the Religious Magazine for Jan. 1848.]

THE PHENOMENON OF MOTION.

BY REV. THOMAS HILL.

The universe about us is in motion. Nothing on which the eye can fall, or whose existence the hand of Science can demonstrate, is at rest. The sun rises and sets, the moon waxes and wanes, the very stars are in motion to the telescopic eye. Clouds drive over the heavens, and billows roll over the deep; the vapor rises from the ocean, and the rivers run to the sea. The trees wave in the wind, the leaves grow and decay, the sap rises, and a perpetual change is wrought in every fibre of the plant. So, also, is it in the animal tribes; while life lasts does the heart beat and the lungs keep up their play; the particles of the very bones and teeth are perpetually renewed. So, from the countless hosts of heaven, to the atoms smaller than a grain of dust, all things are in perpetual flow; moving, ever moving; appearing, and always appearing in change.

Yet on a closer examination of motion, and a more accurate investigation of its laws, what do we find? The first law of motion is that a body free from external influence, moves with uniform velocity in a straight line forever. This is the first law of motion, derived from the widest generalization, and most legitimate induction from the immense variety of motions in matter about us. But to what an astonishing result does it lead us when in this law we make the velocity nothing. A body at rest, free from external influence, must remain at rest forever. The first result, then, from the investigation of the motions of matter, is the indisputable law that matter cannot move. Hence follows the inevitable conclusion that the cause of all this motion is something foreign to matter.

Higher than this the investigation of motion cannot of itself lead us, but this is high enough for a most valuable stepping-stone.

Why do we ask the cause of motion? Whence do we derive the notion that there is a cause for it? Let us remember that the motions which we most narrowly examine are those which we ourselves cause, and we shall see that our consciousness of causing motion is the foundation of our faith that motion has a cause. Is this foundation trustworthy. Beyond all question it is. Nay, it is the foundation of all possible science, and no man can extend any generalization beyond the particular instances from which he drew it, unless he leans on this consciousness of causing. And what, then, but a will can cause motion? Matter cannot move, will can move it, and what else can? The motions of the heavens and the earth are then produced by a Will, independent of matter and superior to all things that move.

Thus does the phenomenon of motion, in its very first law, point not only to the existence of God, but his perpetual presence and action in world. He is perpetually acting about us. Every moving thing in heaven or on earth testifies not only to His existence, but to His presence as distinctly as the living voice of a man testifies to the presence of the man. Wherever we see aught of motion, God is there, the mover. In ancient languages this was the name of God. The winds blow at his command, the sun rises only when He wills, the falling rain and running stream are immediate gifts of his hand, and what are each beating pulse and each breath that we unconsciously draw, but the proofs that this machine of our bodies is every moment dependent on the present love and power of its Creator?

Since we thus refer all motion, even that in our own frames, to the will of God, it may be thought we are destroying man's freedom, by making him a mere machine, kept in motion by its Maker's constant superversion. But he who thus objects to the doctrine of man's dependence, forgets that the consciousness of our freedom is the very basis on which we build our faith in the existence of God. It is from the consciousness of our own power to produce motion by our will that we ascribe all motion unto His will, rather than to powers inherent in matter, or in any unconscious natures.

This consciousness of our own power, our own will, can never be denied; it is the very foundation of our philosophy and faith. Although each atom of our bodies in all its changes is moved only by the will and power of God, and this is proved by the first law of motion to be the case, yet is man free, and he cannot believe himself otherwise. No philosophy can make me deny a truth which I see, and which I *know* to be the truth.

Fear not, then, Christian, to accept this confirmation from science of the words of Jesus. Did not our dear Redeemer come to bear witness to the truth taught in nature, to show us the Father, both in his own life and also in the lily and the sparrow? Did he not say that if any man will do his commandments, his Father shall manifest himself unto him!

How glorious is the Christian's daily life. If he be reconciled unto God, and love to draw nigh to God, God draws nigh to him, manifests himself to him in every phase of nature, in every event of Providence. Such a life is like that of the angels; for what joy can the seraph have higher than that of the perpetual presence and love of God?

Our argument has thus far been drawn only from the uniform velocity of motion; but its uniform direction will lead us to the same result. A moving body, free from any external influence, moves with the same velocity, in a straight line forever. But the planets wheel in orbits about the sun, and are at every instant changing their direction. Hence they are acted upon by some constantly exerted force. But force is an attribute of will and gravity is the name only of a mode of the divine action. Hence it is no figure or speech, but the literal truth, to speak of Him that formed the Seven Stars and Orion, as guiding them on their way.

Consider, also, the motions of the human frame. I by my will form these letters, but is no higher will than mine, working in and through me! The pen sweeps in curved lines, and sweeps through a curve in obedience to a single volition. Yet, in order to form this curve, several muscles must act together, and each by a separate, and perhaps difficult law. Is there no pointing upward here to a Geometer upon whose will each muscle depends each instant! It is an overwhelming thought that the guidance of God's power is thus entrusted to us; but any thought concerning the Almighty and our responsibility is overwhelming.

If perfect love has cast out fear, this view of the Father's perpetual presence will overwhelm us with joy rather than with fear.

REV. DR. KING'S VISIT TO THE POPE.

Rev. Dr. King has recently written tho following letter to the American Board at Boston.

I have just been presented to the much celebrated Pius IX., who is a very dignified and interesting man; I neither kissed his toe nor his hand, nor did he kiss mine, but he bowed to me very politely, and I to him. Several who were presented at the same time with me, being Roman Catholics, knelt down very devoutly and kissed the cross on his foot. He has much benignity marked in his countenance, and I should judge from his appearance, that he has a good degree of decision and firmness. He was born the 13th of May, 1792, and is, of course, about two months older than myself.

He is certainly a very remarkable man; but I think that we must wait a little longer, before giving a decided opinion with regard to his object in certain measures he is adopting.

Three days since, (the 15th of October,) he gave to the people a kind of constitution, or rather what may be called the germ of a constitution, which was received with great rejoicing. In the evening a procession was formed at the Piazzo pel Popolo from which an immense multitude of people marched up the Corso to the Quirinal Palace, with lighted torches and banners waving, instrumental music, and singing, and reiterated shouts of "*Viva Pio Nono*," answered from the windows and doors and balconies, by hats and handkerchiefs waving, and shouts of enthusiasm not to be mistaken. Before the palace were assembled perhaps fifty or sixty thousand persons of various descriptions, who clapped their hands, sung and shouted, "*Viva Pio Nono*,"—Long live Pius Ninth. It was indeed a brilliant and exciting scene. After a few minutes the Pope appeared in the balcony of the palace, with lighted candles, and gave his benediction to the multitude, who immediately extinguished their torches and retired to their homes in the most orderly manner.

I have also had an interview twice to-day with a priest, who is an intimate friend of the Pope, goes hand in hand with him in his plans of reform, and is one of the most influential men in Rome. His name is Ventura. I had a letter of introduction to him, through some of my Paris friends. This morning I had a long conversation with him, on various subjects which interest the heart of every Christian, and among others that of religious toleration. He said to me, what I afterwards told him was worthy to be written in letters of gold, that "The only evangelical means of propagating Christianity is the preaching, or the word, of the gospel," (L'unico mezzo evangelico de propagare il Christianismo e la predicazione o la parola del Vangolo,) that is, as I understood him, the gospel either preached or read.

He also gave me a copy of what is called "*The New Arms of Rome*," which I have not yet examined, but which I take to be a description or treatise on the New Arms of Rome, which is a device of his own, a cross in the midst of a shield, supported by the figure of liberty on the one hand and religion on the other, and joining hands before it in friendship. Both are seated on the terraqueous globe, from which a cross rises between them. Under the feet of religion is the Pantheon, as the greatest monument of paganism, which religion has changed into a Christian Church. Liberty has one foot upon a chain, and underneath is the Colosseum, where slaves were immolated—a bloody monument of ancient servitude. Liberty is crowned with olive, and from the head of religion proceed rays of light. In the middle of the cross are the keys of the triple crown, to show, that by means of the sovereign Pontiff, true religion and true liberty are, or are to be, established in the old world. Underneath the shield is written,

"La Nuova Arma di Roma,
La Religione e la Liberta."

Padre Ventura says the Pope is not afraid, is decided, and will go on with what he has begun. Padre Ventura is also of the same age with myself. He appears to be a very powerful speaker.

When I left him he embraced me in the most friendly and affectionate manner. The second time I called, he gave me some very beautiful medals, one of which had the figure of St. Peter on the one side, and of St. Paul on the other, another of the Virgin Mary, &c., all of which had been formally blessed by the Pope.

Another very interesting personage I have seen to-day, is the Cardinal Mezzofanti, who speaks fifty different languages. I was introduced to him by Padre Ventura, and conversed with him in five or six different languages, but principally in Arabic, which he speaks very fluently. On my expressing a desire to have his autograph, he retired and wrote the following lines in English.

"Great many tongues resound among mankind,
Their number overwhelms the power of mind;
Here under English lines I write my name,
I like that noble language dear to fame.

Rome, Oct. 18, 1847. I. MEZZOFANTI.

[From the Lutheran Observer.]

HENGSTENBERG'S GERMANS IN NORTH AMERICA.

NO. III.

Let us inquire now into the causes, which account for this dissolution of the German life into the English.

It would carry us too far, to go into a full analysis of the general reason which has been found for the fact, in the want of all proper national pride on the part of the German people; a want which is closely connected indeed with high qualities, such as no other people possess, universality, noble largeness of spirit, and freedom from all narrow, exclusive jealousy of foreign influences, whether prompted by vanity or fear, but which has run altogether too much in America into a pliancy both of a spirit and of speech that is often disgusting. The American, in his national *vanity*, will never part with a title of his peculiarity; the Frenchman, with his national *pride*, often vain indeed into the bargain, to whatever society he may attach himself, remains unaffected by the influences around him; the few Hollanders, who two centuries since, formed a part of the original settlement of New York, are still capable of being recognized among the millions of its population, by clear traces in their posterity; in the case of the Germans, all such traces are lost among the first, or at farthest the second generation, born in the land.[1]

That the German element should thus dissolve itself in the English, instead of sustaining its own independence in the way of inward union, is owing farther to certain characteristic properties of this last, which under existing relations, with the modified form to which the German nationality is subjected in America, allow it no chance to prevail. The two nationalities are closely related, have much in common; without this there could be no conjunction, at all events no amalgamation; the Spanish and French, for this reason, though much fewer in number, have either not at all yielded to the English, or only very slowly after long resistance; and so in the midst of a predominantly Spanish, or French, or Portuguese community, the German life also would remain isolated and unchanged, as it has for instance, on the Rio Grande in S. America, kept itself unmixed in fact now almost five and twenty years.

With all this affinity however, the two nationalities are at the same time very different. But America is not the land where the advantages of German character, as compared with the English—its greater spiritual depth, its inwardness and identity, its solid scientific thoroughness, its fulness of soul and feeling—find a suitable field for their development. The tendency of the American is universally to practical activity, to business and work; he possesses in high degree the spirit of enterprise and a talent for organization; qualifications that peculiarly fit him for his mission in a *new* land, by which he is called to cover a vast continent with the mesh-work of civilization, to set in motion its inexhaustible resources, and turn its products to account in the way of commerce and trade. This commission he has embraced with vast energy and zeal, every individual is lending his aid, in the way of restless independent action, towards its accomplishment, though often without consciousness of course, that in seeking his own ends he is in fact working for the whole.[2]

Of what sort now has been heretofore, and still is to a great extent, by far the largest portion of the German emigration! Poor, sprung for the most part from absolute wretchedness, a people accustomed to no independence, which at home had been shoved along in the general mass, half dreaming and without self-consciousness, in the very lowest situations of life. So they stand there, on their arrival, before the vast driving stir, that from Canada to Oregon, from Florida to California, is going ever restlessly forward. They gaze upon it at first with a sort of stupefaction, heart-sick and perhaps home-sick for a time; but soon they too are seized in some measure by the spirit of work, and find a small corner in which to fall in with the surrounding movement. Americans give them employment, and show them by their own example how it is to be performed. Americans become their masters, and, with the German aptness to learn, they soon acquire their arts; but forget, in such apprenticeships, what of German excellence they still may have had;[3] look back in the beginning possibly with regret, to the many noble advantages for heart and soul, which even the common man is allowed to enjoy in the fatherland, and sigh over the loss of time honored customs brought from their former home; but still are too weak to withstand the infection of the American spirit, which, with all its energy and practical skill, is directed nevertheless only towards a material end, its whole thinking in fact almost entirely taken up with the acquisition simply of gold and property.[4] Mixed with Americans, pursuing the same end with them, dependent upon them at first in all respects, needing their counsel and help, connected with them subsequently in a hundred ways by common material interests—for American neighbors surround their farms, while business and trade are almost wholly in the same speculating, inventive and cunning hands—they gradually allow the language also to pass over from business transactions to the family, out of the workshop into the house, and so both spirit and form are lost.

What is here said of the unwieldiness of the Germans, their want of practical skill and talent for organization, the helplessness even which drives them into the arms of the Americans, was strikingly confirmed to the view of the writer in Texas. There is there a very considerable young settlement of Germans, free from all mixture with Americans. The Association in Germany, under whose direction this colony has been formed, laid it down as a fundamental maxim, that it must be and remain pure German, on a territory of its own, wholly separate from American elements. Here now, however, at the very start, such confusion has come to prevail, the emigrants, (now from 7 to 8,000 in number,) show themselves so helpless, betray so much unskilfulness in taking hold of their work, in the management of their fields and construction of their houses, and still more absolutely in their social organization and general political arrangements; such, in one word, is the pass to which things have come, that the general agent of the association in Texas, foreseeing otherwise the total failure and ruin of the colony at its outset, in spite of all his bitter vexation—for he too had been enthusiastic for the plan of a pure German settlement—saw himself compelled, while the writer was there to call in Americans from all sides, holding out to them the most advantageous offers, that they might settle down among the Germans, and become their teachers in the way of example and direction.5

Another advantage of the American character—not so much over the German, as over the modification under which it appears in America—is to be found in the moral and religious earnestness, which prevails among the English inhabitants of this country, more than among any other people in the world and extends equally to all classes of society. So far as morality generally is concerned, this appears in a comparative purity of manners, in rigid discipline towards every sort of vice, in the increase of temperance, and the rareness of fleshly transgressions, in the respect that reigns for law and order, and in the national use which is made of freedom. In the sphere of religion it discovers itself in the general observance of the Sabbath, strict church discipline, frequent family worship, an a lively interest and active diligence in behalf of objects belonging to the kingdom of God.6

Let us look now to the German emigrants, in this view. What were, and what are *they*.

What they *were* we may learn from an interesting communication of Dr. *Muhlenberg*, the father of the American Lutheran church, of the year 1746. He writes:

"Great ignorance prevails among the Germans; they have no teachers; Dr. M. has himself to instruct adults just like children. They are in danger of falling into heathenism. There are married persons who have never been baptized, and numerous sects and opinions fill the land. On all sides are to be found atheists, deists and naturalists. I do not think there is a sect in the christian world, which does not exist there. God and his word are shamelessly blasphemed. There are thousands here, who by birth, education and confirmation, should belong to our Church, but they are scattered to the four winds. The spiritual condition of our Lutheran community is so melancholy, that one must shed tears profusely in view of it. The young people grow up without religious instruction or knowledge, and are abandoned to paganism."7

So in later times, the emigrants from Germany have been always of the lowest order, in point of intellectual, moral and religious cultivation. Only a small part of the earliest German emigration, was produced, as we know to have been the case with most of the English, by persecution and desire to secure freedom of faith and conscience. In general, it has seldom been respectable people, and still less such as were animated with religious zeal, that have gone abroad: the better sort, and especially all of a truly godly spirit, have thus far, God be praised, continued in their own land, contented and thankful in the enjoyment of the heritage assigned them at home. Those who left have been mostly persons of rude, rough character, destitute of all higher cultivation, always, and often of all solid moral principle and stability; a large part indeed, at all times, the very scum of Germany.8 Even such among them as might be of irreproachable manners, were yet commonly strangers to all deep christian knowledge and religious earnestness.9 It must be borne in mind that the emigration mainly took place in the period of *illumination*; that for a long time—and predominantly also at this day—the mass of emigrants have been from those parts of Germany, where Rationalism has wielded its dry sceptre with undisputed sway, from the Palatinate, from a large portion of Baden, from Hessia, and to some extent also from Hanover.

Thus morally undeveloped or wholly reprobate, religiously insensible or opposed to all divine life, they came into the land which—clear as the dark sides of its civil and religious character have become to the writer—is still entitled, before all other lands, to the honorable appellation of *christian*; the land where profligacy and vice, as well as infidelity, stigmatized as such, are driven out of society.

They were startled at first, and felt themselves but poorly at home in the country, of which they had dreamed as the golden soil of unlimited freedom or license,10 but where now a severe earnestness, and the strict discipline of morality and religion were made to meet them in the way of correction and restraint. In the end, however, this spirit of earnestness became to them a power, which they were not able to withstand; they were gradually apprehended by it, purified, transformed.

The writer has often had the opportunity of seeing, with a sorrowful heart, in the seaports, New York and Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, and Galveston, his countrymen on shipboard, when just arrived, in filth of body and soul, reduced to the level almost of animal indifference, bearing but a few traces of the true nobility of German life. With grief and disgust has he been compelled oftentimes to see, how his fellow Germans, (men and women,) exposed themselves, in the streets of those cities, in reeling noisy drunkenness, to the astonished gaze of Americans, who would point to them contemptuously as the *Dutch*. In the so-called German quarters of the larger cities, where that part of the German population which has become fully hardened against all better influences, is found congregated, in the service of sin, drawing simple new-comers into their net, he has had but two many opportunities for making such painful observations.

But let any one inquire again, after a course of years, concerning those who have entered the country in such bad moral plight. How often has the writer been delighted, in a settlement only from five to ten years old, whose elements in the beginning were such as have now been described, to find a German population, industrious and in good circumstances; still better, free from deep-rooted vices, sober, temperate, regular, distinguished for orderly and quiet conduct, and a certain degree of moral and even intellectual culture, more or less active also in providing for their own spiritual wants.11 But then, they were already in the way to become American; it was clear that, after the old people had died off, they would become so altogether.

Can we condemn them for this, or think it strange! All that they have of spiritual good they owe to English America; they had themselves so little, or nothing. In America, they have learned, dull as they were, to find themselves; under an American form, they

*To cure German political idealists effectually of their dreams, one need only send them to Texas, in order to have them made sensible of the organizing talent, the self-constituting and self governing capacity, and the independent national consciousness of the Germans—without God and without faith as there. How many liberty fanatics has the writer heard bewailing themselves in that land.

Notes upon Hengstenberg's Evangelical Germans of North America.

1The supposition that the Germans lose their national character sooner than any other people who emigrate to this country, is utterly unsupported by facts.

2What is said here of the *American* is just as true of the *German*—in fact a German is just as much of an American as an Englishman is. What more striking instance of American enterprize can be given than *John Jacob Astor? But John Jacob Astor is a German!* How thoroughly American, too, was *Stephen Girard*, and yet he was a *Frenchman* by birth and education.

4Various German *customs* have doubtless gone into disuse among the Germans of this country, but every part of the United States bears testimony to the probity, honesty and industry of the Protestant German emigrant, and is anxious to secure him as a fellow-citizen.

4We do not wish to extenuate our guilt in the least. But we cannot consider covetousness and worldliness and sensuality as anything like *Americanism*. What! Are the laborers, the manufacturers, the merchants, the booksellers, authors, and all the professors, nobles and kings, too, in Germany, free from these vices? Those things affect all ranks and conditions. Alas! if the United States have annexed Texas and overrun and devastated Mexico, was not Prussia formed into a monarchy by the annexation of province after province to the Duchy of Brandenburg; and have not Austria and Prussia just now, in connection with Russia, consummated the dismemberment of Poland by the extinction of the republic of Cracow of whose independence they were the professed protectors?

5It is not an American idea that society stands in no need of religion—that, as Mr. H. himself confesses, was received in Germany.

6What higher compliment than this could be paid to the American character, and, with a proper ministry this may with equal truth be said of our Germanic population.

7This want of the Germans, which was remedied particularly by the arrival of Dr. M. and his colleagues, has always been, and is at the present day, one of the greatest obstacles in the way of the religious improvement of our Germanic churches.

8This is just as true of the English emigration to America as of the German. America was long the Botany Bay of England and is still so to a great extent. But criminals were, for years, systematically sent to Virginia and other colonies of the crown, where they were sold as slaves for a term of years. Besides, the poor and needy always make up the great mass of adventurers to new countries.

9Mr. H. has not furnished any proofs of this assertion. But let him read the journals of the ministers of the Salzburg emigrants to Georgia, or the *Hallische Nachrichten*, which gives us the authentic account of the state of religion among the Germans in Pennsylvania from 1742 to 1787, and he will arrive at very different conclusions. In regard to the former, the American historian Bancroft, who cannot be suspected of partiality, speaks as follows:

"On the last day of October, 1733, the 'Evangelical community' [he mistakes these Lutherans for Moravians]—*well supplied with Bibles and Hymn-books, catechisms and books of devotion*—conveying in one wagon their few chattels, in two other covered ones their feeble companions, and especially their little ones—*after a discourse and a prayer of benediction*—cheerfully, and in the name of God began their pilgrimage. History need not stop to tell what charities befel them on their journey, what towns were closed against them by Roman Catholic magistrates, or how they entered Frankfort on the Maine, two by two, in solemn procession, *singing spiritual songs*. As they floated down the Maine, and between the casted crags, the vineyards and the white walled towns that adorn the banks of the Rhine, their conversation amidst hyms and prayers, was of justification, and of sanctification, and of standing fast in the Lord. * * * The majesty of the ocean quickened their sense of God's omnipotence and wisdom, and, as they lost sight of land they broke out into a hymn to his glory. The setting sun, after a calm, so kindled the sea and the sky, that words could not express their raptures, and they cried out, "How lovely the creation! how infinitely lovely the Creator!" When the wind was adverse they prayed; and as it changed, one opened his mind to the other on the power of prayer, even the prayer of "a man subject to like passions as we are."

As the voyage excited weariness, a devout listener confessed himself to be an unconverted man; and they reminded him of the promise to him, that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at the word. As they sailed pleasantly, with a favoring breeze, at the hour of evening prayer, they made a covenant with *each* other, like Jacob of old, and resolved, by the grace of Christ, to cast all the stange gods which were then in their hearts into the depths of the sea. A storm grew so high that not a sail could be set; they raised their voices in prayer and song amidst the tempest, for to love the Lord Jesus, as a brother gave consolation." History of U. S. Vol. III, pp. 423–4. Poetical as this may sound, it is sober history, and little more than a condensed abstract of Urlsperger's *Vorbericht*, and Bolzius' and Gronau's Journals.

10Mr. H. has not thought it worth while to give us any proof of this strong assertion, nor is our knowledge of the feelings and conduct of the Germans in this country sufficient to make good his deficiency.

11Patriotic as we are, we do not claim for our country any such power of transformation as this. Those who come to America such as Mr. H. describes his countrymen at their first arrival here, generally remain so, and rear a progeny like themselves. But those whom he saw sober, industrious, prosperous, intelligent and pious belong to a different class of men, and, doubtless, if he had taken sufficient pains to inquire for them he could have found them.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 15, 1848.

THE RESPONSE OF THE "RECORDER" TO "THE HEARING OF A COMPLAINT."

[From the Recorder of Jan. 7.]

"We have had frequent occasion, with many other of the religious papers, to remonstrate against the course of the Christian Register, in publishing the concoctions and fabrications which its New York correspondent prepares for the purpose of defaming orthodoxy. We know personally, that these impudent letters are very odious to some of the most respectable gentlemen in the Unitarian denomination, who feel that those effusions are utterly disgraceful for their malignity and deceit. Perhaps some hints of this nature have reached the editor; for in his last paper but one, he offers to stop printing Crito's falsehoods about orthodoxy, provided his "orthodox friends" will cease to tell the truth about Unitarianism and its declining interest. But suspecting, that his orthodox friends would probably discharge their consciences without much regard to his stipulations, he then adds a declaration that he will stop *at any rate*.

This nice editor excuses himself for 'refraining to express his just convictions at the time' he gave publicity to these wrong and injurious representations, by saying that he was 'waiting for just such an opportunity of speaking as the present.' We fear that when this unhappy man made shipwreck of his faith, his conscience went with it to the bottom. We are confident, that while any part of his orthodoxy held together, he would have scorned to practice such an act of deception, or to palliate it by such an unworthy subterfuge!

We have said that the editor of the Register expressly declares in his paper of December 25th, that he intends to desist in future from this offence against religion and decency. But we did not believe him; for before he closes the article which regards his promise, he breaks it by trying his own hand in Crito's line of labor. And now, in his paper of January 1st, Crito is again at his old trade of deception. He finds some zealous and devoted Presbyterian ministers lamenting that their churches are not more prosperous in spiritual things. Those good men, not content that their congregations are growing in wealth and numbers, are deploring the fewness of the additions to the communicants. This is something that the Unitarian cannot comprehend. If his audience is large and peaceable, and money is abundant for religious and charitable uses, he can conceive of nothing more desirable. Not so with these spiritual pastors, who watch and labor for the salvation of souls. They long for the conversion of sinners; and when their desires are disappointed, they are apt to speak of religion as low and declining. Crito catches up their lamentation, and echoes them in another sense, as though they were confessions that 'orthodoxy is dying out;' when, truly, they are rather signs of its revival."

If we should say to the Recorder, that every epithet which he uses,—that his assertions of "defamation," "malignity," "deceit," "falsehood,"—may in our sincere opinion be applied to him, with the additional charge of sanctimonious canting about "longing for the conversion of sinners" and "watching for the salvation of souls," possibly some of the readers of the Register might think it rendering evil for evil—reviling for reviling. We will not say it, therefore, though we really believe it, and could say it with no feeling on our own part of violating the Christian rule; for if you speak the truth about a man, it is not reviling to call him a malignant, and a hypocrite into the bargain. One thing we wish to say, however, if we did not say it before with sufficient plainness, that the utterances, through the Orthodox press, "about Unitarianism and its declining interest," are not "truths," but falsehoods. We will not say that in every case they are the offspring of "malignity;" but if the spirit of anything can be known through its manifestations and by its effects, then in some cases we are left no other supposition than that it is malignity. If some things are exposed, while other things that would essentially change the aspect of the whole for the better are suppressed, what shall we call it but deceit?—And this deceiver is "watching for souls!" Why does he watch for them, except to deceive them, except to provoke Unitarian "souls," in receding from Orthodoxy, to recede from Christianity also, and thus "destroy those for whom Christ died." Shall we tell the Recorder that we ourselves have been warned more than once by his own brethren against the tendency of the personal abuse, which we should meet from the harsher and more bigoted class of Orthodox men, to annoy, and alienate the spirit, and produce hatred of doctrines with which the abuse was associated, and from which it might seem to flow.

As to the present personalities of the Recorder, they happen to be so much in harmony with the Orthodox way of misquoting and misusing Scripture, that we are a good deal more amused than annoyed. According to Paul, shipwreck of faith *followed* the casting away of a good conscience:—"Holding faith and a good conscience; which some having put away, concerning faith have made shipwreck." Retaining the good conscience, (if the Recorder denies the fact, he may be assured we shall not take it greatly to heart,) we will run the risk of having made "shipwreck of faith." Shipwreck of human tradition, we have made indeed, and thank God we got rid of it even at the trouble of shipwreck. Shipwreck of faith! So the good Catholic, like Mr. Brownson, exclaims against the Orthodox; but we suppose they do not mind it much. Neither do we the Recorder.—It was a good reply of the Protestant to the Catholic, when the latter asked, "Where was your religion before Luther?" "Where was your face this morning before it was washed?" asked the Protestant. Unitarians have washed their faces cleaner still—not omitting eyes and breast, which they think quite as important to be washed clean as the face.

In conclusion, we present, in contrast with the response of the Recorder, the remarks of Dr. Bushnell to Orthodox men, where he censures this very spirit in which the Recorder indulges.

"I observe that Unitarians often extend themselves to you in friendly demonstrations, which, though they do not come to you on their knees, ought to be taken as inviting and offering a reconsideration. Could you come forward like men who trust their own principles, to do something worthy of your age, it is scarcely supposable that good results, and that of a very important character, would not follow. But instead of this, you seem to be so much afraid of your own principles that you cannot suffer a friendly approach of any kind, and to think a new thought, or to seek to reproduce an old doctrine, in some variant shape, that, without sacrificing even a hair of the truth, will obviate their objections, is too frightful to be endured. I even observe, that if you happen, by some accident, to have preached a thoroughly Orthodox sermon which they are tempted to approve, you throw your inkstand at them, as Luther did at the devil, to keep them off. Could there be a worse infatuation?"

So long as there are those among the Orthodox, of the class of Dr. Bushnell, (and we know many such personally,) the most atrocious calumny we could be guilty of, would be to say that the Recorder fairly represents the whole body of Orthodox believers.

"UNITARIANISM IN BOSTON."

[From the Christian Observatory.]

"The immense increase of business within a space so limited, has induced hundreds of families to leave the city for residences in the vicinity. This state of things, however, while it has nearly destroyed several of the most important Unitarian churches, has as yet wrought no irreparable injury to any orthodox church.

The effect upon Unitarianism may be seen by a few facts. The Old North Church, under the united care of Rev. Dr. Parkman and Rev. Amos Smith, is in the last stages of a slow decline. The junior pastor has resigned for want of pecuniary support. The wealthy senior pastor has no salary.—Rev. Mr. Robbins, whose congregation so recently reared a large and costly house of worship, finds himself in a precarious condition. A heavy debt hangs upon the parish; the pews are unsalable; and such is the position of the debt, that fears have been entertained that the house may soon fall into the hands of the papists.—At the south part of the city, the famous Hollis Street Church is well nigh deserted. Rev. Mr. Fosdick, after a ministry of eighteen months, finding the treasury empty, has resigned and departed.—Dr. Gannett's society, formerly Dr. Channing's, had made arrangements to rebuild their house of worship in another place. But it was found that many of the principal men would neither take stock in the proposed building, nor pledge themselves to worship therein. While the old house, the old pews, and the old associations were retained, these men could be relied upon and not longer. The same is true, we believe, of other ancient houses in the hands of Unitarians.—A new meeting-house has lately been built for them in Bedford Street, by the personal friends of Rev. Mr. Waterston, the pastor. The very limited sale of the pews, and the meagreness of the congregation, prove it to have but a slight hold on the community. A new meeting-house is also going up in Beach Street; but in this case the congregation vacates a large stone house in Purchase Street, for one of stone and brick, no larger. Rev. Mr. Clark's society is erecting a small house on a back lot, in the rear of Beacon Street. And a small chapel for missionary purposes has just been opened at the south end. The Unitarians are wealthy, and can build such places; but it remains to be seen how they can fill them."

Here is an article from a tree whose "fruit is after its kind." There is a class of men, whom a late distinguished English writer called "accurate matter-of-fact liars"—"tell-truths in the service of falsehood"—men like "Blifil," who "related accurately Tom Jones' riotous joy during his benefactor's illness, only omitting that this joy was occasioned by the physician's having pronounced him out of danger." If the writer in the Observatory for January, on Unitarianism in Boston, does not exactly belong to this class; if the Boston Recorder does not, nor the Congregational Journal who endorses and republishes the article of the Observatory, but who protested as loudly as anybody in the orthodox ranks against "Crito;" if such persons do not come wholly under the category above mentioned, it is simply because "Blifil" was "accurate," and these persons are *inaccurate* in what they attempt to relate.

The Christian World of the last week, in noticing this same article, very pertinently remarks,—"We can imagine the chuckle of satisfaction with which the writer wrote it, exactly similar to that of a Yankee pedlar who had just succeeded in cheating a servant girl out of a quarter of a dollar."

A DISPOSITION TO CREATE ANNOYANCE.

A correspondent of the Amherst Express says:—"The University at Cambridge is again in a ferment. Devotional exercises are disturbed by insubordinate students, and the discipline that ensued, only increased the agitation. I have good authority for saying that President Everett will not long continue at the head of the institution. He cannot bring officers or students up to his standard either of literature or morals, and he will retire. Who will wish to succeed him!"

This is another paragraph which we cut from the Recorder of last week. The Boston Courier remarks of the correspondent of the Express, (and it applies as fitly to the Recorder who circulates the story,) —"we do not believe the writer has any other authority for what he says, than a mischievous disposition to create annoyance, and encourage insubordination."

The writers who fabricate, and the papers which endorse, these miserable slanders, are orthodox; and they mean to insinuate, they indeed often openly say, that no better fruits can be expected of Harvard, so long as *Unitarians* have the control, and Unitarians are its officers. If such sophistry is good for anything, it is good to show that the repeated murders at Yale are to be expected so long as that Institution remains where it is, under orthodox control, and under orthodox officers. It is good to show that President Woolsey "cannot bring officers or students up to his standard, either in literature or morals, and he will retire."

We commend to the Recorder, (who has labelled himself in using the elegant epithet of "hack slanderer," at the head of the editorial we have noticed in another place—"hack" in the sense of being the vehicle to carry other men's slanders besides what he carries of his own,) we commend to him the frank and honorable acknowledgement of Rev. Mr. Stearns, of Cambridgeport, who, in his most excellent Memoir of his brother Samuel H. Stearns, remarks of Harvard, that his brother "could not fail to appreciate, opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, its general standard of morality, which it is thought would suffer much less in comparison with the other colleges of New England than is sometimes imagined." This acknowledgement is all the more valuable coming as it does from an alumnus of Harvard, and an orthodox clergyman as sound as the soundest, who makes no concealment of his regret that orthodoxy is not taught there, but who possesses the virtues of candor, veracity and Christian liberality, and is one of the most honored names among his brethren, as a minister and as a man.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORENCE Dec. 5, 1847.

This city is inhabited by two nations, who speak different languages, are characterized by widely different customs, know little of each other, and have very little in common. The English are as much a settled part of the population of Florence as the Italian natives. A large proportion of the people one meets in the galleries and public promenades are of that nation. There is an English church, an English newspaper, and many of the shop signs advertise English goods in the English language. Other nations are represented in smaller proportions—a sprinkling of Germans, now and then a Frenchman; and if you chance to encounter in your walks a dandy who attracts particular attention by the singularity of his exterior, being a little more fantastically dressed and a little more savagely bearded than the rest of his tribe, you may set him down for an American.

Not all the Americans who reside here, however, are of this description. Among them are several artists of established reputation, whose studios are not the least popular of the sights and notabilities of the place. Mr. G., than whom no modern sculptor has a higher notion of his art, or has studied it more profoundly, is now employed on a group intended for the capitol at Washington, which I cannot but think will be more generally and justly appreciated than his last great work.

What chiefly draws the English to Florence is the cheapness of living, which enables men of moderate fortunes to husband their means, and, at the same time, to maintain a style which only the richer class of their countrymen can indulge in at home. This advantage of cheap living they are doing their best to neutralize by introducing English notions and English extravagances. Still, Florence is cheap on the English scale—cheap, on any scale, for permanent residents, although the transient visitor finds but little difference in that respect between this and many other cities of the continent, especially in Germany. But Florence combines with cheapness of living the beauties of nature and the riches of art in such measure, and within such compass as scarcely any other city in the world can afford. How far these may operate as inducements with the English it is difficult to say. No people pursue these things more eagerly as celebrities, and no people seem to enjoy them less as things. Every Englishman above the rank of a *proletaire*, is a tourist. With their Murray in their hand they ramble over the continent, inspect diligently whatever is in the books, and spare no pains to effect an autopsy of everything notable. But the *brusque* and business-like way in which they "do up" these matters reminds me always of the Englishman mentioned by Goethe, in Rome, who boasted one evening that he had despatched twenty churches that day.

After an experience of five weeks at this season of the year, I am prepared to believe all that is said of the climate and sky of Italy, although I am told the weather is unusually fine for the season. For more than three weeks not a cloud was to be seen in the heavens, excepting a few that did duty at sunset, as clouds of state, in crimson and gold liveries, marshalling the lord of day to his rest. Can this be November! I asked myself continually, with this unbroken sunshine, these long golden days! November! synonymous elsewhere with tempest and gloom! November! with roses nodding from every hedge, and the perfume of violets in the air, and no thought of fire on the hearth, or of cloaks in the street! Then came three or four days of rain, the commencement, as I supposed, of a long rainy season. I thought, "winter is now come fairly;" but soon the weather was as bright, and warmer even than before. And so it has continued ever since. What was rain here was snow on the mountains, and we have now that combination so enchanting, of winter in the horizon, and summer all around. You may judge of the effect of such a climate on a New Englander, when it sets such an inveterate proser as I am a rhyming. As for example:

NOVEMBER IN FLORENCE.

Knowest thou the spell that binds the fleeting year
With flowery fetters in this haunted vale?
The shifting zodiac brings November near
In vain,—the baffled *Archer* fails to sear
Valdarno's breast secure in leafy mail.
The rose persists to blossom on its spray,
Brown Autumn breathes the incense-breath of May,
And Boboli is bright with summer cheer.
What circling charm repel's the season's sway,
Where yet the Bear beholds his subject sphere?
Great memories make eternal summer here.
Let meaner climes succumb to slow decay,
Green with her children's fame, *Florentia* flowers alway.

I have not yet been to Vallombrosa. I should have gone there ere this, for dear Milton's sake, were it not that the jaunt involves a tax on the hospitality of the monks, for a night's lodging. Perhaps when H. arrives, I may assay the excursion with him. Meanwhile there are other and nearer haunts which also

"The Etrurian shades
High overarched embower,"

and where I seem to meet the solemn genius of Milton in the *il penseroso* mood of his mighty muse. Moreover I have been often to the "top of Fiesole," which no shades embower and which commands a magnificent view of the val d'Arno. I was there the other evening at sunset. A sunset never to be forgotten! I have never witnessed the great phenomenon in such perfection. As if the valley had been sown with carbuncles, the windows of the thousand villas which environ Florence flamed and flickered in the level beam. The snow crowned Appenines in the distance blushed their farewell from on high, and in the foreground, the stupendious dome of St. Mary of Flowers* seemed to swell and dilate as if conscious that the Christian symbol which crowns its summit was the last thing smiled on by the expiring day. It was one of those spectacles, or one of those seasons which make one mistrust a disproportion between the human organization and the nature in which it is set, as if the sensorium were too weak and dull for the subtler influences of the material creation, as if quicker nerves were needed to realize the unknown beauty that lies behind the beautiful which our poor organs apprehend.

Above all, "my due feet never fail" to tread, whenever they are opened to the public, the green aisles of Boboli. This is the name given to the extensive gardens connected with the Pitti palace, the city residence of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Fancy Mount Auburn, without its sepulchral character and its associations with death and the departed, set down within the walls of a city, so that you pass in a few minutes from the thickest tumult of the street to the thickest shade of secluded walks,—imagine this, and you have an idea of Boboli. There is the same beautiful combination of greenery and marble, only that the green in this case is that of the cypress and the laurel, and the marbles have derived their form and mission from the masters of the chisel, Michael Angelo among the rest. The origin of the name Boboli is unknown; perhaps it has the same etymology with bobolink; for the place, even at this season, is canorous with the voice of birds.

A pleasing feature in the out-door life of the Italian cities is the roasting of chestnuts in the streets. At every turn you come upon one of those culinary fires, surrounded by a crowd of hungry expectants waiting to receive their portion in due season. It was a matter of surprise to me at first how people bearing such evident marks of extreme poverty could indulge in such luxury, cheap as it is. But I have since learned that the chestnut in Italy is not a mere luxury, but an important article of food with the poorer classes, containing as it does a greater amount of farinaceous matter in proportion to the price, than any other esculent. The nut used for this purpose is the *marrone* which differs in size and flavor from the *castagna*—the chestnut common with us. It has the bigness of an English walnut. A chestnut roasting establishment employs two persons, of whom the one prepares the fruit, and the other cooks it. The former takes the nut in his left hand, and, turning it against the edge of a knife which he holds in his right, in one revolution divides the shell without removing it: thereby facilitating both the cooking and the eating. The nuts thus prepared are thrown into a large iron pan something similar to what our housewives call a spider, which the other functionary places on a furnace of coals. After a while, he lifts the pan from the fire and gives it a dexterous jerk, which sends all the chestnuts into the air. The underdone ones being the heaviest come down first, and take their turn at the bottom of the pan. Again a little while, and the batch is finished, and from a half cent the beggar may make a hearty meal from a fruit which the rich man does not disdain to set before his guests.

Notwithstanding the cheapness of living, Florence abounds with beggars, some of whom are able-bodied persons who seem to have adopted this profession as the means of livelihood best suited to their taste, and some of whom are cases of real distress. One of the latter class occasionally strays into the *cafe*. It is curious to note the different reception he meets with from the different nations represented there. The Englishman never gives. His first answer to such application is an impatient negative, his second a threatening demonstration. Then the supplicant moves on and goes the rounds till he stands in front of one whose staid demeanor and patient, introverted look bespeak the German. And there his prayer is generally answered. That look of hunger is an argument which the German seldom resists, whether backed by the soft "*Ho fame*" of the Italian, or the ruder "*Mich hungerts*" of his own tongue. And the chances are that the German has scarce enough for his own necessities, having come to Italy, not for pleasure, but for study, while the Englishman has his hounds and his horses, and costly equipments of all sorts. It is he whose splendid "turn out" covers you with dust as you walk in the *Cascine*.

The standing question put to the stranger in Florence is "Which picture do you like best?" or rather which next best? for no one presumes to question the unapproached supremacy of the Chair-Madonna in the Pitti gallery. But the Chair-Madonna, wonderful as it is, falls far short in effect, of the Sistine at Dresden. As to the second best picture, the voices are divided. The Cleopatra of Guido is a general favorite. A Magdalen by Titian, differing widely from that in Venice, but equally worthy of the great master, has many votes. Guercino's Sybil, an Endymion by the same hand, Correggio's Holy Family, other pictures by Titian, some by Andrea del Sarto, &c., &c., perplex still further the doubtful choice. But what is the secret of that fascination which the Fornarina exercises on all who come near her? It is not her beauty, for though that beauty is unquestioned, it is an inferior order of beauty and bears no comparison with the Madonna faces around her. There is something displeasing even, in the utter earthliness of that countenance which I never look upon without wondering how the delicate and soaring spirit that conceived those Madonnas could ever have delighted in it. And when I turn from this portrait to Raffael's own face in the saloon of the Ritratti, so pure and refined, so expressive of the noblest aspirations, I find it impossible to bring together these opposite natures, of whom the female needs only a different costume and coiffure to represent an able-bodied man, and of whom the man might easily be made to personate the most beautiful of women. It is not her beauty, but the intense reality which Raffaelle throws into his portraits, that gives to "the Fornarina" its power. The reality in this case is absolutely oppressive, overpowering. I could no more feel myself alone with that portrait in my room than I could with the creature herself in bodily presence before me. I was really glad, when I entered the Tribune yesterday, to find the picture gone, with the customary "*Copiasi*" in its place.

But what a thing it is to have constant access to two such collections as the Pitti and the Uffizii. I divide the greater part of my time between them, and think I have now found the true aim of my journey. The American comes to Europe with a vague curiosity, scarcely knowing what it is that he went out for to see. The works of the old masters will tell him what, if if he will but give time enough to their contemplation.

Here I am at the end of my letter, and have said nothing of Santa Croce and the Chapel of the Medicis, and the house of Michael Angelo, and a dozen other lions which a letter from Florence might be expected to describe. Well, it is too late to supply those deficiences now. I give you what is uppermost in my thoughts at the moment, and refer you to the guide books for the rest.

Yours affectionately,

F. H. H.

*STA MARIA DE FIORI, the cathedral of Florence, whose dome is said to exceed in circumference that of St. Peters.

For the Register.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1848.

PURSES TO THE CLERGY—CONGREGATIONALISM—PURITANISM AND POPERY.

Some of the congregations in this city and neighborhood complimented their pastors on New Year with pecuniary gifts of considerable value. Thus we hear that in one instance a purse of $100 was presented; in another of $400; in another of $500; and yet another of $1000, to enable the recipient to pay his debts in another parish which he had resigned to take charge of this. These manifestations of liberal feeling have been duly chronicled in the newspapers, and the fortunate clergymen congratulated upon the affectionate and generous conduct of their flocks, whose example is held up to general admiration and imitation.

It is certainly very pleasant to witness any and every indication of attachment and sympathy between parishioners and pastors. Where these feelings do not exist between minister and people, his labor must be drudgery of the most toilsome and wearying nature, and his prospect of usefulness extremely limited; while to the people an unloved, unhonored clergyman must be a burden most unwillingly endured. It is painful to contemplate a forced and unsympathizing relation of this nature; while on the other side of all the pictures which poetry can draw, none is more delightful than that of the pious, faithful pastor, surrounded by a loving people.

But though the purse-giving in which the churches referred to have chosen to indicate their attachment to their ministers has been noted with much applause, I am afraid it is no improvement on the old-fashioned and less showy methods of showing regard for ministers. I have noticed a great many times, in the course of a considerable acquaintance with parochial affairs, that nothing except sheer immorality, so soon or so seriously injures a minister in the eyes of the people as the mixing up of his name with pecuniary contributions. These contributions immediately suggest unhappy thoughts about the parson. If needed to pay his debts, then he is wasteful, improvident, and does not know the worth of money which is one of the gravest of charges. Or if not in debt, and yet willing to receive a purse made up by contribution, then like other people he loves money. And then many a man who contributes with a smile on his face has a grudge in heart, and he does not love to have a minister who is the means of this tax. It is very desirable as a means of retaining the good will of many, that ministers should as far as possible live on angels' food, and have but little use for any thing so gross as money. And in good earnest it is important that a minister should avoid appearing before the people as an object of charity. There has been too much of this appearance, and it has greatly injured and often unsettled clergymen. The laborer is worthy of his hire. Let ministers insist upon adequate provision for their support when the salary is agreed upon, and upon that let them live independently as other professional men are expected to do.

Within a week or two I have observed notices of the withdrawal from the Presbyterian to the Congregational connection of the Madison street Church, and also of the formation of a new Congregational Church in another part of the city. Until within a few years New Englanders settling in New York conformed without much reluctance to the Presbyterian model which they found prevailing. But latterly there seems to have been a longing among them to return to the system of their fathers—one church after another has lifted the standard of Congregationalism, till in this city and Brooklyn they number quite a large Association. Throughout the State too, a similar change has been in progress, not without some manifestations of a spirit of rivalry and exultation.

The late anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, as celebrated in this city, has attracted some attention and called forth some pretty severe animadversions from the more rigidly puritanical celebrators. It was certainly a strange thing to see the chief American representative of the papal power seated side by side with the sons of the Puritan Pilgrims, and engaged with them in commemorating events and principles so adverse to Popery. Bishop Hughes was probably never more surprised in his life than when he received his invitation to the feast of the Puritans, nor could he conceal the feelings which the novelty of his situation produced, though like a skilful tactician, as he is, he made the best of it, and won golden opinions from his auditors.

The "stricter sort" who attended the celebration, however, could not but consider the presence of the Catholic Bishop as not only a damper but a burlesque upon the proceedings, and that it had been brought about by unworthy and unmanly compromise and concession to the great Beast. Indeed, it is now said, that when the Committee of arrangements were agreeing upon the toasts to be offered, one gentleman proposed the following: "The clergy of New England—they draw divine truth not from the stagnant pools of tradition, but from the word of God." Oh, that will never do, said the others, for Bishop Hughes has been invited, and he will regard such a sentiment as aimed at his Church. The toast was then withdrawn or modified. But that was not the only thing modified to avoid offending the Bishop.

It gave offence to some that one of the regular toasts was in honor of Pope Pius IX., though, considering the fact that all classes in this city had united a short time before, in the meeting held to sympathize with the Pope, it was not remarkable that he was mentioned and complimented as a Reformer here. But it was too much for some of the guests, and they will not soon forgive or forget the violence offered to their prejudices, or, as they consider it, to their principles.

I refer to the circumstance as one of the many indications that a more liberal feeling is making progress, and that the time has come when men of the most dissonant opinions can exchange civilities without apprehending that they have committed a crime or betrayed the truth. Perhaps when there is a still wider and deeper diffusion of this feeling we shall find that our differences are less serious than we suspected, and that agreement regarding real differences will be more practicable than on the old plan of standing apart and hating and abusing each other.

The Revelations of A. J. Davis, the clairvoyant, about which book we have heard and read so much, although filling an octavo of 800 pages, has, I am told, been all sold. The edition was 1500 and the price $2.50. A paper called the Univercoelum, or Spiritual Philosopher, advocating the authenticity of the "Revelations" and propagating the same views, is regularly published in this city, and though only seven or eight weeks old, already numbers, I am informed, full 4000 regular subscribers. It is difficult to give you an idea of its views. I gather from what I have seen, that it regards the church as an instrument of reform, a decided failure; that it holds the Scriptures of the Old Testament as obsolete, and those of the New as having little adaptation to this age, and at any rate not needed, since every man may possess inspiration in the highest conceivable degree, if he will take the trouble to seek for it. Two or three of the pens employed on its pages indicate that they are wielded by minds of considerable force, and there is a spirit of kindness, philanthropy and earnest good will prevailing throughout which might advantageously be imitated by most of the journals claiming to be Christian.

This paper, as I said, is regularly read by thousands. Its benevolent spirit gives it influence with many minds. Its apparent aim is to accomplish social reform and realize the idea of human brotherhood without the church; for the church, it believes, is not only not auxiliary but antagonistical to that purpose. I have heretofore remarked that a great many minds in this city and throughout the country are dwelling upon the importance and practicability of great changes in our social organization. The paper referred to and its thousands of readers are among the evidences that such a feeling as I described does exist extensively, and in that view this publication claims attention.

I wish clergymen and Christians would consider such facts, and reflect upon that uneasy, dissatisfied feeling which lies below the surface and is working out there the problem of the reconstruction of social life. The church and ministry which overlook that feeling and do not endeavor to guide it may one day be overwhelmed by its outbreak in unlooked for revolutions. It will not do to shut our eyes to it, or call it opprobrious names; we must speak to it kindly, and wherein it is in error strive to enlighten and guide it.

Truly yours, CRITO.

For the Register.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

An article went the rounds of the press from an English Law Magazine, which we pronounced an error from the first, attempting to show, that humanity in regard to criminals was multiplying crime. It seems that 1846 showed an increase of guilt over 1845: yet during this year the amelioration of the criminal code was very considerable. The mistake was a singular one. For some reason the closing assize of 1845 was omitted. Of course, all the iniquity it would have exposed to the eyes of the world was saved for the credit of the succeeding year, and naturally gave it a very dark aspect. In truth, there was a constant and marked decrease all the while. This is proved by comparing the two last years with the two previous. In 1842—3 there were in England and Wales over fifty six thousand committals: but in 1845—6 a little over forty-nine thousand—an improvement under a more humane code the more remarkable, as an increase of population has been taking place all the while.

A friend of mine saw Margaret Houghtailing die twenty-nine years ago at Hudson, under circumstances which made him an earnest enemy of the gallows from that day. She protested her innocence on the scaffold; and declared that while she was hanging her right hand would hold up her handkerchief in token of innocence to the very last. She kept up this white flag for twenty minutes by the watch, when the arm was convulsed and the handkerchief fell. In less than a year the principal witness against her confessed the murder of the child, and died in the horrors of conscience. A friend of mine said that one such case would move him to go for the abolition of the death penalty: unhappily, our own country has hundreds, and older lands thousands, to produce.

A trial of a murderer of his father, a young man distinguished from childhood for torturing animals and tearing the garments of children and injuring every thing he could injure, has just closed in an entire acquittal—notwithstanding the noble charge of John Van Buren, one of the ablest men in the state of New York. And yet the surviving members of that family know that their lives are in peril from this diabolical wretch, whom the people outside of the court-house were thirsting to lynch; who had to be confined in jail after his acquittal, and sent away in the dead of night in order to escape the indignation of the public. And this miserable being escapes all punishment because a jury now are unwilling to take life upon mere circumstantial evidence.* Is it not time, that the law was put in such a shape that conscientious men can execute it! that such a penalty was attached to crime as Christian men dare inflict—such a one that innocence, upon future discovery, might be compensated in a degree?

If this desperate creature, burning with revenge against sister and mother, should accomplish their death, this fresh blood will cry to Heaven against the legislature who refuse to conform the penalties of crime to the enlightened conscience of a Christian public. I could not aid in hanging a fellow-probationer for eternity, had he taken even the life of the dearest friend I have.

* The young man tried and acquitted was Truman Phelps.

For the Register.

BOSTON, Jan. 5th, 1848.

MR. EDITOR,—I think it due to truth and right that I should make a few remarks on some representations conveyed by an article headed "The Hearing of a Complaint and the Decision," through what I take to have been editorial columns in your paper of Dec. 25th. The representations referred to met my eye for a moment accidentally on the day of publication as I was travelling out of New England. They astonished me; though I had no doubt that they were made in good faith, and I could see how they originated. A day or two ago I returned from my journey, not having seen the paper again in the interim, and I have just now been able to give the article some careful consideration.

Several months ago an article appeared in the Christian World, occasioned by a paragraph in the Christian Witness about the relative decrease of Unitarianism in Boston. It seemed plain to me that the author of the article in the World either had not read the Farewell Sermon to which he referred, or was actuated by unkind feeling towards me. Otherwise I could not account for the following sneer: "That Mr. Fosdick, under his peculiar circumstances, should be led to suppose that Unitarianism is dying out in Boston, and should attribute the empty pews in his Church to removals from the city is perhaps natural." I regarded this as a very unjust construction of what I had said. But I thought it best not to trouble the public with my grievance. In your paper of Dec. 18, the article was introduced from the Christian World. This second injustice (as it seemed to me) I regretted more than the first; but still meant to keep silence. What is said, however, in your paper of the 25th ult. ought not to go unnoticed. You will be glad to have me present my comments.

You say, "When, before the sin for which Crito has been rebuked, Mr. Fosdick's remark appeared in his printed sermon that the relative decrease of Unitarianism is a fact becoming more and more apparent" &c. Now, Mr. Editor, I never used these words, nor any like them, nor any conveying a similar meaning. These are words of the Christian Witness, drawing an unauthorized inference from what I actually said. A few lines further on it is represented that I speak of "Unitarianism as dying out" and "bleeding to death."* The quotation marks exhibit these expressions as mine, though I have not used them. They belong to the Puritan. After enumerating many other and great disadvantages under which the Society to which I ministered in this city had to struggle, I incidentally touched upon another, as follows:

"We have been, unjustly, I conceive, stigmatized as an aristocratic Society. Though this church is situated in what is considered, by way of eminence, the growing portion of the city, yet such an aspersion would certainly tend to hinder the increase of population around us from conducing rapidly to our benefit. The truth is, that throughout the city the wealthy class, those on whom it has been said Unitarianism here most relies, have been latterly dying out. The rich resort to the suburbs, or the remoter country, determined to escape the din and discomfort which business has created, and is continually increasing, in this prosperous but crowded community. There can be no question, that Boston is fast losing its character as a city of Unitarians. The population which departs costs Unitarianism more than is compensated by that which enters. That a parish may succeed here now, either on a new foundation or an old one so much battered and worn away as ours, it is requisite that, be its theological complexion what it may, it should be regarded as characterized by equal and popular principles."

Now can it be denied by any one that "Boston is fast losing its character as a city of Unitarians!" Is it not true that the population which departs cost Unitarianism more than is compensated by that which enters!" This does not touch the relative progress of Unitarianism. I am inclined to think the same thing may be truly said of Episcopalianism and Orthodoxy. The pillars of our churches are taken away; and we are all at a loss, for their places cannot be supplied at once from the new material at hand. Further, Unitarianism is not very prevalent in the interior of Massachusetts. If the former population of Boston has moved away into the suburbs, and has been replaced and more than replaced by promiscuous emigration from the interior, the exchange can hardly be of advantage to Unitarianism. This was all I meant, and I had

the very slightest, if any, idea of a connection between the fact indicated and the result of my ministry.

DAVID FOSDICK, JR.

* We are concerned only to repeat our own statement: "Said the *Puritan*, 'Mr. F. speaks of Unitarianism as dying out.'" Is this representing that Mr. Fosdick said it! [Editor.

For the Register.

ORDINATION AT JAMAICA PLAIN.

The following is the order of exercises at the Ordination of Mr. Grindall Reynolds as Pastor of the Third Church in Roxbury.

Introductory Prayer, by Rev. R. C. Stone; Selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. J. H. Morison; Sermon, by Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge; Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. E. S. Gannett, D. D.; Charge, by Rev. Chandler Robbins; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. William R. Alger; Address to the Society, by Rev. Nathaniel Hall; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Dexter Clapp; Benediction, by the Pastor.

The Sermon was from John XIV. 9; He that hath seen me hath seen the Father, and, after showing that nothing but the manifestation of the Father in Christ could meet our wants in the experience of life, spoke with earnestness and truth of the importance of preaching Christ rather than Christianity. The charge was a comprehensive summary of the duties of the sacred office, under the general heads, "be a Christian Minister, and especially a Christian Minister to this people." The Right Hand of Fellowship was simple, appropriate and full of feeling; while the Address to the People was marked by a happy union of kindness and plainness. The devotional exercises were uncommonly fitting and impressive.

In the Council two questions respecting his belief in the Gospels of the New Testament as authentic records of facts, were put to Mr. Reynolds, and very cheerfully answered in the affirmative.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WEBSTER'S QUARTO DICTIONARY.—G. & C. Merriam, Springfield. From the Publishers.—Sold by W. J. Reynolds & Co., 20 Cornhill.

We adopted Webster's Dictionary of the English Language as a standard, in preference to every other, from its very first appearance in octavo, and have owned every succeeding edition of the work. The present quarto edition, with quite the ease of manipulation of the octavo, and but little advance of price, combines all the advantages of the original quarto in two volumes, and adds yet more. In respect to orthography and pronunciation, while Dr. Webster indulged in a few peculiarities and even eccentricities, he nevertheless had the native tact and good judgment, with those opportunities of becoming acquainted with the practice of the best speakers and writers both in this country and in England, and that long experience of years, which enabled him to present what on the whole was a vastly truer exhibition of the best English modes than either Johnson, Walker, or both combined. While Walker's affectations were taught in our Colleges and Universities, and the pronunciation of stage actors was repeated in our pulpits, and a mere fashionable speech suppressed genuine freedom and earnestness, as corsets suppress free breathing,—it was not so with the best speakers of the English Parliament; and Dr. Webster was sustained amid the ridicule that was poured on him, by the knowledge that he was not alone, nor old-fashioned, nor peculiar, but was the representative of sterling usage in opposition to the fictitious. What there was of idiosyncracy in the former editions, is modified and corrected in the present. Some things which he discarded are here placed side by side with what the Doctor put in their stead, and the student may choose between them. The revision and improvements of the work are the fruit of three years' labor of several literary gentlemen, under the general superintendence of Professor Goodrich, of Yale College.

What gives great value to Dr. Webster's Dictionary, is first its definitions, which are remarkably concise, yet accurate and complete. The next distinguishing feature is, that it is in itself a History of Language. Some of his derivations we think are not correct, and his analogies sometimes fanciful. But his researches in the department, continued for a period of so many years, with such iron industry, yet freshness of pursuit—the inquisitiveness and ardor and buoyancy of youth extending into his fourscore years and more—are beyond those of any other man; and if he has not the caution and reserve and accuracy of a Gesenius in Hebrew, he has done for future Lexicographers what even Gesenius could not have done but for those who went before him. To ourselves this is a deeply interesting study, and for the gratification of one's love of it, in respect to the English Language, there is no work to be named with the present edition of Webster.

The present edition is a most beautiful specimen of the art of printing—white satin paper, type the best shaped and most distinct, and the fairest impression. The publishers are constantly receiving testimonials to its value from sources of the highest authority. From the long list we select that of the Hon. William B. Calhoun, whose opinions, where his name is known, will be very sure to increase the circulation of the work he commends.

"We regard this as one of the most important contributions ever made to a sound American literature; the most complete work of the kind that any Nation can boast of.

What distinguishes this Dictionary above all others, is the thoroughness and accuracy of its definitions: and this is the leading feature of such a work. This is a department of learning, which is singularly difficult; and very few excel in it. It requires uncommon clearness and comprehensiveness of intellect. Definitions often lose their point by being overburdened with words. Dr. Webster was wonderfully happy in the use of language. And his definitions are models of condensation and purity; and the careful study of them, as an intellectual exercise, may safely be recommended to the young, especially as an important means of advancement in knowledge. There is great fullness, too, in this work, in the defining of words: and in this respect it might be called an Encyclopedia, presenting substantially the circle of the sciences.

Not less valuable is this Dictionary, on the score of etymology: indeed this branch has very nearly been exhausted by Dr. Webster; so that the Editors of the present Edition have had very little to do except to take the work as they found it. In regard to *pronunciation*, we feel perfectly satisfied that this revision places that subject on a truer ground than any other work of this kind. And the mode of conveying the pronunciation is a very convenient and simple one. The system of pronouncing conforms to a pure and manly taste, adapted to the character of the language, and is far removed from all affectation and mere fashion.

The peculiarities of Dr. Webster, in reference to *orthography*, were such as to throw a multitude of embarassments in his way, and to impede the progress of his work to public favor. The difficulty was that few could appreciate the extent and accuracy of his attainments in this regard. Hence much prejudice has always existed against the work as it originally appeared. This, after all, is the least portion of the Dictionary. Definition and etymology are the real bone and sinew. But in this revised edition the judicious editors have adapted the work to what they believed to be the intelligent sentiment and decision of the public. And they have accordingly departed very considerably from the original views of Dr. Webster, and have abandoned his peculiarities very largely. As far as we have examined, and that has been with some care, we believe that the editors will be fully sustained both in their retrenchments and modifications, and in what they have retained. For the comparatively few changes in orthography, adopted in this revision, such reasons are assigned or are obvious, as will commend them at once to a sound judgement and just discrimination.

We look upon the appearance of this new edition of Webster's Dictionary as making an epoch in our literature. A large proportion of our writers have become absolutely wanton in the use of language. There is with too many a disposition to *dash off* words thoughtlessly: and the tendency is, to fritter away the strength and nerve of the language. Webster's Dictionary has heretofore, from its price and other considerations which we have alluded to, been kept aloof. It is now, as we fully believe, in this revision, brought down to the true circumstances of the community in all respects. And we hope it will find its way rapidly, not only to the schools and the study, but to the parlor, the counting-room, and to the every day purposes of life."

The Constitutions of the Holy Apostles, including the Canons; Whiston's Versions. Revised from the Greek; with a Prize Essay at the University of Bonn, upon their origin and contents, translated from the German, by Irah Chase, DD. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848, pp 496, 8vo.

It is the opinion of Gieseler, that "the Constitutions were composed toward the end of the third century, but underwent various modifications according to the changes of ecclesiastical usages, till in the fourth and fifth century, they acquired their present form." Neander is nearly of the same opinion, and adds that their origin is "analogous to that of the Apostles' Creed." It is the opinion of the author of the Prize Essay, that the Constitutions were knowingly interpolated and corrupted by Arians, and Dr. Chase in his Preface expresses the same opinion. We are not satisfied with the evidence of this corruption. Without imputing the changes to such a cause, the whole may be rationally accounted for by the general belief in the Churches that such and such things were genuine *traditions* of the Apostles, which in the course of time it was thought best to *embody*; and the changes instead of being stealthy were probably open, as Gieseler and Neander suggest. Let us examine a few points.

In Book ii. c. 26, the Bishop is compared with God, the Deacon with Christ, the Deaconess with the Holy Spirit. Now this, according to the author of the Essay, shows Arianism, because the Constitutions "make the Deacon completely subordinate to the Bishop." And is it not an admitted fact that the theory of the Nicene fathers, and long after the Council at Nice, was the "*subordinarian*" theory!

Again in b. vi, c. 26, it is written—"But others of them [i. e. of the heretics] suppose that Jesus himself is the God over all." And again b. vii c. 43, it is written, "the Father of the only begotten God." And does not the Nicene Creed itself say "God of God"—"begotten, not made!" Is it not known that the distinction between the Father as "*unbegotten*" and the Son as "begotten," almost everywhere obtained in the Church at that period! And in regard to the heretical opinion noticed, that Christ is Supreme God, it *was* a heresy in the Church, when understood in a sense opposed to the *subordinarian* theory.

Again the author of the Essay appeals to b. vi. c. xi, where Christ is called the first born of the whole Creation, to show Arian interpolation. Why, this was what Paul himself (Coloss. i. 15,) has called him—"the first born of every creature"—*prototokos pases ktiseos*—[in the Constitutions, *ktiseos* is changed into *demiourgias*—which is a synonym in ecclesiastical usage.]

On this subject of early Arian opinions, we ask the reader to compare the original article from our excellent correspondent on page first of this week's paper. Next week there shall appear in our Poetic department, the translation of *two primitive Greek hymns*, which the author of the Essay admits to be genuine; but they are Arian, in other words Unitarian, to the core.

We do not think very highly of the Essay, as an intellectual performance, yet it is nevertheless valuable. Dr. Chase has performed his task well, has laid before the public an important work, has furnished a help to a better acquaintance with the early Church. We thank him for what he has done, and only regret that he has let such superficial statements about Arianism go uncorrected in the Essay he has translated, and has even endorsed them. His work is deserving a place in the library of every minister and theological student, and of whoever is fond of the study of ecclesiastical history.

The Temperance Tales. By Lucius M. Sargent. In 2 vols, pp 301, 332, 12mo. From W. J. Reynolds & Co.

The publisher says, in his Preface, "It may not be uninteresting to the children of parents once intemperate to cast their eyes upon these pages, whose influence, under the blessing of Heaven, has preserved them from a miserable orphanage." We ourselves were not the children of the intemperate, nor are the children's children. But we read these tales with as much interest as we ever read anything in the world, indulging to the full the luxury of laughing and crying over them, and rising from them with aspirations to be temperate and good,—and we see the same in the third generation. Republished in their present form, may these tales have a wide circulation—and "My Mother's Gold Ring" prove a momento not only to support every fallen one that has striven to rise, but to save also many thousands from falling.

Littell's Living, Age No. 192.

If it be proper to ask one, whose own tact and judgment are so good in respect to supplying periodical reading matter, we would hope Mr. Littell will give us, by and by, some of Cromwell's recently discovered Letters.

Chambers' Miscellany.

This publication has advanced to its 10th number with undiminished interest and excellence.

American Phrenological Journal. Vol X. No 1, O. S. Fowler, Editor. From T. Wiley, Jr.

This number contains the front and profile view of Prof. S. B. F. Moore; and indisputably the illustrations confirm the science—though we hope Prof. Morse looks a little better in flesh and blood, than in ink and paper.

Edinburg Phrenological Journal and Magazine of Moral and Intellectual Science. By George Combe and others. Vol I. No 1. From T. Wiley, Jr.

This is an *Eclectic* which will contain the most valuable as well as the most recent papers that may be issued from the European press on the subject. It will contain portraits of distinguished Phrenologists, and illustrations of the science. It will advocate the Moral, Physical and Intellectual Elevation of Society. The present number is very good both in form and substance.

The North American Review. Jan. 1848. Contents. Art I. The Hopes of Italy. II. The Life and Opinions of Sismondi. III. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. IV. Modern Painters. V. Gray on Prison Discipline. VI. Emerson on the Trees of Massachusetts. VII. Longfellow's Evangeline. VIII. Critical Notices.

We have read the sketch of the Life and Opinions of Sismondi, with deep interest. So excellent a man, illustrious as well for his social virtues as for his talents which were very brilliant, and for his industry which was indefatigable, ought to be known and admired by every youth in America. The contemplation of such a character begets its likeness, prompts to a better life, elevates the aims and hopes higher, and would fill our own American Republic with greater numbers of men, who would be its ornament and strength.

The Daguerrotype. No. XI.

In selections, and in general appearance, this Magazine took at the outset, and still maintains, a high character among the literary periodicals.

Orlandino. A story of self-denial. By Maria Edgeworth. Boston: Gould, Kendall and Lincoln.

This beautiful little volume is the first of the series, which has been promised on the cover of Chambers' Miscellany, of Chambers' Library for Young People. When Henry Ware Jr. remarked at his father's house, that he intended on his visit to England to see Miss Edgeworth, his little daughter Charlotte immediately clapped her hands, and said, "O, give my love to her." He visited Miss Edgeworth, and told her the story, and "the water came to her eyes at once." If any of our young readers have never read any of Miss Edgeworth's stories, we hope they will begin with "Orlandino"—and they too will send love to her if they have the opportunity.

Need of the Sanctuary in the City. A Sermon preached at the Dedication of the Indiana Street Congregational Church, Sunday Evening, Dec. 12, 1847. By Thomas B. Fox. Minister of that Church. Boston: Wm Crosby & H. P. Nichols—pp., 28.

Mr. Fox, having opened his subject with some remarks on the tendency to practical Atheism in cities, shows the need of Christian instruction from "man's exposure to sensualism, selfishness and earthly mindedness, from which it is the object of the Gospel to deliver him;" from "the influence of the city in forming, directing and extending public sentiment; in short, from the simple fact that "man is here." He then urges the want of Churches "somewhat differing in the mode of their support from those which already exist," but which shall still be affiliated to the others—Churches where privileges shall be more easily within the reach of persons of moderate means. Mr. Fox handles his subject with the ease, and discourses with the authority, of one who speaks that which he knows and testifies that which he has seen. His sermon is altogether a superior one. It is well sustained at a high elevation of Christian tone and sentiment, and contains not a few passages of very fine description, of beauty of conception and form, and of power.

All war forbidden by Christianity. An Address to the citizens of Dover, N.H. delivered Thanksgiving Evening, Nov. 25, 1847. By Rev W. P. Tilden.

The note requesting its publication, expresses "the deep satisfaction" with which the discourse was listened to, and the belief that "the opinons advanced are of great value, especially at the present juncture of our public affairs." A perusal of the discourse justifies the opinion and feelings of those who requested its publication.

Public Causes for Gratitude. A Sermon preached on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25, 1847, in the West Church, Boston. By C. A. Bartol, Junior Minister.

The perusal of Mr. Bartol's productions often have the effect on us to awaken trains of feeling, as though we were walking

"In thoughtful, silent mood along the shore
Of that vast ocean we must sail so soon.

Or again, as though we were under the starry skies, or meditating in the grove—with God's presence never absent but felt very near. The present sermon abounds with striking analogies, displays the genuine gold of thought in rich ingots and bars, rather than in the easy current coin.

OBITUARIES.

CLARA ANNA KIMBALL.

Died, in Needham, Dec. 25, Clara Anna, aged 23, youngest daughter of Rev. Daniel Kimball.

To those who knew our young friend, no words are needed, to tell the transparency, the excellence, of her character. To those who did not know her, a just praise, might seem extravagant. May her spirit descend into the hearts of her bereaved friends, and continue to cheer them, in the Path of Duty. [Com.

MRS. SARAH DEERING.

In Mansfield, 13th inst. after an illness of nearly 3 months, Mrs. Sarah Deering, wife of Mr. Waterman Thomas, and eldest daughter of the late Capt. John Thomas, aged 60 years.

Truly it may be said the heart of the deceased was cast in nature's finest mould. The sweetness and equanimity of her disposition, blended with rare affability, won for her the love of all to whom she was known. Her sympathizing tear, her kindly aid, and cheering smile, like sunshine in showers, has soothed the sorrows of many a shipwrecked mariner cast upon the "rock bound coast" that bordered her home. Her filial, maternal, conjugal and parental affection, endeared her to a large circle of family connections, who will long embalm her memory in their hearts. Her unshaken faith in the promises of the gospel, shed its hallowing influence around the couch of sickness, and gave its unfailing light to guide her through that dark valley which leadeth to realms of eternal day.

"Sweet angel, thou art with the ransomed daughters
Of our dear Lord, rejoicing in his sight;
Quenching thy soul's deep thirst with life's clear waters,
Crowned with the wreath whose flowers are bathed in light.

And dost thou, in thy radiant hour of glory,
Still think on those who were on earth so dear?
Lingers in memory, life's short fitful story,
Mid the high joys of that eternal sphere?

Oh, ye sad mourners, bowed and broken hearted,
Lift up your heads, redemption draweth nigh;
Scarce hath your loved one from your side departed,
Earth's mists but veil her form from mortal eye.

Still in your midst, at times her spirit moveth;
To your grieved souls, her voice shall whisper peace,
When calm submission to God's dealing proveth
'Tis time the chastenings of his hand should cease.

Then will she whisper lessons sweet and holy,
To wean you from the cares of life away,
And lead you up with souls subdued and lowly,
The path which endeth in unclouded day."

[Comm.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

GENERAL COURT.—Rev. Silas Aiken of Park Street Church, and Rev. Mr. Higgins, of Bromfield Street Church, have been appointed Chaplains to the House, and Rev. C. A. Bartol, of the West Church, Chaplain to the Senate.—On Tuesday, Gov. Briggs delivered his address, in which his topics are the finances and revenues of the State, the recurrence of accidents on railroads, the flourishing condition of the State Prison and the State Lunatic Asylum, the evils of the Mexican War, public schools, the administration of justice, and he closes with an impressive tribute to the memory of Hon. Samuel Hubbard.—The House then proceeded to ballot for Councillors, and the following gentlemen were chosen:—Messrs. J. T. Bigelow of Boston, Russell of Princeton, Murdoch of Carver, Porter of Buckland, Chapman of Salem, Dr. A. R. Thompson of Charlestown, Bliss of Springfield, Mitchell of Nantucket, Keyes of Dedham. Joseph Barrett was re elected Treasurer. Hon. Wm. B. Calhoun of Springfield was elected Secretary of State.

HON. J. G. PALFREY. The course which many of the Whig party have seen fit to pursue in relation to the vote which Mr. Palfrey gave on the election of Speaker, does not compare very well with the following generous resolution passed in Faneuil Hall, on the 6th of November 1846. And yet surely was Mr. Palfrey worthy of such a resolution no less than Mr. Winthrop. We predict that John Gorham Palfrey will be held in honor side by side with John Quincy Adams, and "be a name to conjure by." [Ed.

7. Resolved, That in the re-election of Mr. Winthrop, we are not about to decide whether we should or should not have previously desired or instructed him to vote for the War bill, or whether we do or do not now approve of that vote, but that we are about to decide, that a vote given by an honest man upon reasons which seemed good to him and to them, is not a proper ground for proscribing a faithful, conscientious and useful public servant; and that the attempt to ruin Mr. Winthrop, in the estimation and respect of his constituents, by raising false issues upon his conduct, and by casting unjust aspersions upon his character, is a proceeding to be discountenanced and rebuked by an intelligent and moral people.

☞ It is stated in the Thurs. morning papers that a petition was presented by Hon. J. P. Hale of the Senate, signed by 2900 Unitarian clergymen and laymen, asking for the withdrawal of our troops from Mexico, and the appointment of commissioners to treat with that country.

WAGES OF WAR. Many of the boys were induced to enlist in the Mexican War by promise of land; and it is no more than just to our government to say that some 20,000 have already had their portion (six feet by two!) alloted to them, and are now in inalienable possession of it. [Lynn Pioneer.

WOMEN IN THE ARMY. Official documents state that there are at least 2,300 women attached to the American Army, sharing toil, privations, dangers and glories.

TELEGRAPHIC WONDERS! The N. Y. Herald of yesterday, says:

"We received interesting intelligence last night by electric telegraph, from eight cities, comprehending an aggregate distance of nearly *three thousand miles*, all up, for each of these cities, to yesterday afternoon. The telegraph is now open to St. Louis, a distance of 1750 miles, by wires; thus uniting together, within a few minutes' reach of each other, the four great rivers of North America—the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Hudson, and the St. Lawrence."

GEN. TAYLOR. [illegible] from a young Rochester soldier, stationed at Matamoros, published in the Rochester Democrat, confirms the statement that Gen. Taylor is a teetotaller. Whilst at Matamoros recently, on his way to New Orleans, he dined with the officers of the garrison. Col. Temple offered him some prime *brandy*, as the glass passed round. "No, Colonel," said the old hero, "this is my brandy," filling his glass with Rio Grande water, and holding it up to him.

THE FLOOD IN THE OHIO—*Liberal and Praiseworthy Conduct.* The losses by the recent flood in the Ohio river, at almost every point, from Pittsburg to its mouth, and at various places on its tributaries, have been very great, and the aggregate loss is immense. As might have been expected, there has been much suffering among the poor, many of whom were driven from their homes by the rising waters, glad to escape with their lives; and some idea may be formed of the general distress when it is known that, at Cincinnati, the river was forty-four feet and a half above low water mark. The occasion gave rise to a number of instances of noble generosity, which are noted in the Cincinnati papers:

Messrs. T. & J. W. Gaff, millers, of Aurora, had several hundred barrels of flour on hand, for which they were offered $5 per barrel, by a man who, in view of the prospective want of provisions, intended to speculate in the article. Messrs. Gaff refused the offer, and turning to their clerk, ordered him to give a barrel to any poor man who needed it. And in this way dozens of barrels were given to the necessitous without charge. At Lawrenceburgh, William E. Craft, Esqr. caused it to be proclaimed to the houseless and needy, "Here are my warehouse and store—here are flour and meat—come and take what you need." And his clerks dealt out to them as they came. Lewis & Eichelberger caused the same thing to be made known concerning flour at their mill, and gave away to the destitute and unfortunate more than 100 barrels. Messrs. Barr & Febiger had a number of their hogs slaughtered, cut up, and given to all who needed and wished.

THE ACCIDENT TO THE FOURIERIST ESTABLISHMENT. The Cincinnati papers contain the following particulars of the distressing calamity at the Clermont Phalanx. This property was sold about a year since, to the association known as the "True Brotherhood," which recently held its meetings in this city, at the Melodeon. A handsome new brick building had just been completed by them, the walls of which were hardly dry. It stood on the bottom land near the river, and it is supposed the foundations were washed out by the current. It was thought to be a very strong building, and many of the neighboring farmers had crowded into it for security during the flood. Last Wednesday evening, 22d ult. between eight and nine o'clock, it fell, a heap of ruins, owing to the great weight of snow upon its roof and the pressure of the waters. There were thirty-two persons in the building at the time, of whom but fifteen were saved. So sudden was the catastrophe, that not three minutes elapsed after the first alarm, before the whole building fell a mass of ruins into the water, which was running past it ten or twelve feet deep. The crash was heard for a mile, and neighbors hurried to the scene in boats, and rendered every necessary kindness. The bodies of the persons killed have all been recovered.

NOTICE. Having learnt that one of our packages of the Christian Register of the 8th inst., forwarded to New York, failed to arrive, we would inform those subscribers who did not receive their paper of that date, that they may now obtain it, on giving their names at the newspaper department of the New York Post-office.

☞ SUNDAY EVENING. An adjourned meeting of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches will be held at Rev Dr Gannett's Vestry (formerly Berry Street Vestry), tomorrow evening, at 7 o'clock.

☞ Clergymen and Delegates are earnestly requested to be present. jan15

☞ WORCESTER ASSOCIATION. The members of this body will meet at the House of Rev. Mr. Allen in Northboro' on Tuesday, Jan. 18th, at 5 o'clock, P. M., precisely.
jan15 H. WITHINGTON, Scribe.

☞ THE FRANKLIN EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, will meet at the House of Rev. O. C. Everett, in Northfield, Jan. 17th, at 4 o'clock, P. M.
JOHN F. MOORS, Scribe.
Deerfield, Jan. 15, 1848.

☞ SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE. In addition to the usual morning and afternoon services, the Indiana Street Church will be opened *every Sunday Evening*, for public worship, to be conducted by clergymen in the city and vicinity.

☞ On Sunday Evenings the seats will be free; and a collection will be taken to defray expenses and in aid of the Society. jan8

☞ TEACHERS' SOCIAL UNION. There will be a meeting of the Union at the Vestry of the Pitts Street Chapel, on Monday evening next, Jan. 17th, at 7 o'clock.

Question: Is it in accordance with reason and Scripture, for a child, with proper nurture and admonition, to *grow up a Christian?*
jan15 T. GAFFIELD, Sec'ry.

☞ UNITARIAN MEMORIAL. The Committee who were appointed at the meeting of Unitarian ministers, Oct. 28, to draft a Memorial to Congress against the Mexican war which Memorial has been published in the papers—have received returns of the same from 85 Parishes, and have combined and transmitted them in two rolls, one addressed to Hon. John P. Hale for the Senate, and one to John G. Palfrey for the House of Representaves, each containing 2931 signatures. A few more will probably be hereafter received, and transmitted together at a future day. jan15

☞ The Treasurer of the Mass. Evangelical Missionary Society acknowledges the receipt of Fifty Dollars from the Ladies of Rev Andrew P. Peabody's Society in Portsmouth, N. H.

☞ NOTICE. A Unitarian Society, newly established, will very gratefully receive a Communion Service, from any Church that may be supplied with two, or from the contributions of individual friends. For further information, apply at this Office. jan15

☞ HOWARD BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—The 36th Anniversary of this Society, will be held in the Central Church, Winter Street, on Sunday Evening, 16th inst, at 7 o'clock. Discourse by the Rev. Ephraim Peabody.
M. GRANT, Pres. H. B. S.
ARTEMAS SIMONDS, Sec'ry. jan15

☞ REV MR MOTTE, will preach at the Hollis Street Church, on Sunday, Jan. 16. jan15

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 6th inst, by Rev Mr Clark, Dr Henry Bryant to Miss Elizabeth Sohier.

Jan. 10th, by Rev Mr Fosdick, Mr Marshall M. Ripley to Miss Mary Jane Sanderson, both of this city.

In Charlestown, 6th inst, by Rev Mr Ellis, A. S. Wheeler to Augusta Hurd.

In Charlestown, 2d inst, by Rev N. S. Folsom, Mr Matthias Miner of Malden, to Miss Helen M. Shedd of Charlestown.

In Brighton, 11th inst, by Rev Mr Whitney, Josiah Rutter, Esq., Counsellor at Law, to Miss Abigail Eliza, daughter of the late Henry Baldwin.

In Scituate, Christmas morning, by Rev E. Q. Sewall, Mr Thomas Sharrow of Hopkinton, Mass., to Miss Joan F., daughter of Mr Levi Newcomb, of S.

In Lynn, Jan. 6, by Rev Mr Shackford, Mr G. F. Lord, to Miss Frances T. Joy, both of Lynn.

In Providence, 30th ult, by Rev Mr Hall, Dr Henry H. Button, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Miss Elizabeth A., daughter of Luther Pearson, Esq., of P.

On the same evening, by Rev Mr Hall, Albert H. Campbell to Mary P. Stebbins, daughter of the late Herman Stebbins, Esq.

On the same evening, by Rev Mr Hall, Daniel F. Morrill, of Amesbury, Mass., to Anna Hall, daughter of Charles Holden, of P.

DEATHS.

In Cambridge, 4th inst, Mr William Whitney, 52.

In Chelsea, Jan. 6, Mr Joseph Williams, 84.

In Salem, on Wednesday morning, Jan. 5th, Martha, widow of the late Mr Samuel Very, 77.

In Weston, Jan. 9, Ebenezer Hobbs, Esq., 86.

At Amsterdam, Montgomery county, N. Y., on the 9th ultimo, Dr Oliver Davidson, father of Lucretia M., and Margaret M. Davidson, in the 70th year of his age. His remains were brought to Saratoga Springs to be interred with those of his wife, daughter, and son, Lieutenant Davidson, in Green Ridge Cemetery.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. We have not unfrequently called attention to this article in the columns of our paper, and we have done so with the full confidence that it was a good one, and deserving the patronage of the public. We have had a chance to witness its effects upon some of our friends, which in addition to the high encomiums passed upon by our brethren of the press, not in paid puffs, but in honest candid statements, from having derived a benefit themselves, makes us desirous of advising all those who have occasion to resort to a remedy for pulmonary affections to avail themselves of it. We have too much confidence in Mr Fowle, the proprietor, to believe he would thrust this, or any other medicine upon the community, unless he had full faith in its efficacy—in confirmation of which the proprietor offers a mass of testimony from the most unquestionable sources. Neither would we be understood as saying that this will always cure consumption after it is seated, although it seldom fails to relieve the worst cases—but at this season of the year almost every body is liable to a cold, which if neglected, will lead to fatal results—by taking this medicine, we doubt not many lives may be saved. [New England Washingtonian, Boston, Jan. 2, 1847.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by SETH W. FOWLE, 133 Washington street, Boston, and by Druggists generally. jan15

A HISTORY OF THE HEBREW MONARCHY, from the administration of Samuel, to the Babylonish Captivity, 1 vol 8vo, London.

Orlandino, by Maria Edgeworth, 37 cents. Just received by
CROSBY & NICHOLS,
jan is3t 111 Washington st.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS. A Translation of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, with an introduction and notes, by Rev W. A. Whitwell, 16mo, 108 pages, 50 cts.

Mr Fox's Sermon at the Dedication of his Church in Indiana Street—12 cents. Just received by
CROSBY & NICHOLS,
jan15 is4t 111 Washington st.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 193. Price 12½ cents.

1. Blackwood's opinion of Ralph Waldo Emerson.
2. The Watcher, from the Dublin University Magazine.
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6. The Reconquest of Ireland.

Published every Week at Six Dollars a Year, by E. LITTELL & CO., corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets.

☞ The Entrance to the Office is now in Bromfield Street. 1tis jan15

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER AND RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY, No. CXLV for January 1848. Edited by Rev Alvan Lamson, DD., and Rev Ezra S. Gannett, DD.

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II. Doctrinal Instruction in Sunday Schools.
III. Unitarianism in Portland, Mr Carey's Letter on the Trinity.
IV. Treatment of Slavery at the North.
V. Life of Dr Belknap.
VI. Non-Resistance.
VII. Martineau's Discourses.
VIII. The Mexican War.
IX. Notices of Recent Publications.
X. Religious Intelligence.
XI. Obituary.

At the commencement of this New Year of the Examiner, the Publishers ask for it the continued and increased patronage of all Liberal Christians. Every exertion is made to render the work worthy of the place it occupies at the head of the literature of the Unitarian Denomination.

The Examiner is published once in two months in numbers of *one hundred and forty four* octavo pages each, but when occasion requires extra pages are given without charge.

*** This number contains *sixteen pages extra.*
jan1 CROSBY & NICHOLS, Publishers,
111 Washington street, Boston.

MEDICATED INHALATION. For Pulmonary Complaints, Bronchitis, Asthma, Chronic Affections and Digestive Organs. Dr. Frost can be consulted by Patients at his Office, Rear 51 Cambridge street, Boston, personally, or by letter, where he treats the above complaints by a new and decidedly improved method by which the patient is relieved principally of the nauseating effects of continued taking of drugs, he receives his medicine by *inhalation* to the parts affected so that the healthy parts of the system need not be affected and sickened by the curative remedy, thus giving a *practical remedy* to the disease and leaving nature to pursue its true course. Patients out of the city are requested to be as minute as possible in the detail of their cases, as to the duration of their complaints, the symptoms, age, habits of living and occupation. Address post paid as above, advice gratis.

NOTE.—The most prevalent and fatal of all diseases incident to our climate, *Consumption*, may generally be traced to a slight cold. By an estimate not long since made, it appears that upwards of *one hundred and fifty thousand die* annually of *Pulmonary* Complaints. *Take heed*, delays are dangerous.
nov6 is1y

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK AND FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR 1848.—INCREASED AND INCREASING ATTRACTION, with the largest circulation and greatest popularity of any Magazine in the United States.

NEW DEPARTMENT.—THE TREASURY, will contain articles from Bryant, Longfellow, Percival, Wendell Holmes, Washington Irving, N. P. Willis, Hoffman, Tuckerman, Simms, Halleck, Paulding, Mrs Sigourney, Miss Gould, Dana, Herbert, Fitz Greene Halleck, Miss Sedgewick, Theodore S. Fay, (from whom we have received a Novellette, which we shall shortly commence,) Mrs Annan, Park Benjamin, E. A. Poe, &c.

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POETRY.

For the Register.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

They do not toil in heaven; they live and love,
Their heavenly Father every want supplies;
Nor can they from their blest abode remove,
For nought can enter there that ever dies:
A life of love—how sweetly pass its hours!
No tear but that of joy can touch their cheeks,
Their lips distil, like fragrance—breathing flowers,
The truth that each to each forever speaks.
Oh bless'd the Parent who has bid us know
The joys that at His own right hand doth dwell;
Oh bless'd the children that His praises show,
And of His love in ceaseless worship tell;
And bless'd the Lamb that for their sins was slain,
That they with Him forevermore might reign.

J. V.

THE WEAVER.

A weaver sat by the side of his loom,
A flinging the shuttle fast;
And a thread that would last till the hour of doom,
Was added at every cast.

His warp had been by the angels spun,
And his weft was bright and new,
Like threads which the morning unbraids from the sun,
All jewelled over with dew.

And fresh-lipped, bright-eyed, beautiful flowers
In the rich, soft web were bedded;
And blithe to the weaver sped onward the hours—
Not yet were Time's feet leaded.

But something there came slow stealing by,
And a shade on the fabric fell;
And I saw that the shuttle less blithely did fly,
For thought hath a wearisome spell.

And a thread that next o'er the warp was lain,
Was of melancholy gray;
And anon I marked there a tear-drop's stain,
Where the flowers had fallen away.

But still the weaver kept weaving on,
Though the fabric all was gray,
And the flowers, and the buds, and the leaves were gone,
And the gold threads cankered lay.

And dark, and still darker,—and darker grew
Each newly woven thread;
And some were of a death-mocking hue,
And some of a bloody red.

And things all strange were woven in—
Sighs, down-crushed hopes, and fears;
And the Webb was broken, and poor, and thin,
And it dripped with living tears.

And the weaver fain would have flung it aside,
But he knew it would be a sin;
So in light and in gloom the shuttle he plied,
A weaving these life-cords in.

And as he wove, and, weeping, still wove,
A tempter stole him nigh;
And with gloaing words he to win him strove,
But the weaver turned his eye.

He upward turned his eye to heaven,
And still wove on—on—on!
Till the last, last cord from his heart was riven,
And the tissue strange was done.

Then he threw it about his shoulders bowed,
And about his grizzled head,
And gathering close the folds of his shroud,
Lay him down among the dead.

And after I saw, in a robe *of light*,
The weaver in the sky;
The angel's wings were not more bright,
And the stars grew pale it nigh.

And I saw, 'mid the folds, all the Iris-hued flowers
That beneath his touch had sprang—
More beautiful far than these stray ones of ours,
Which the angels have to us flung.

And wherever a tear had fallen down,
Gleamed out a diamond rare;
And jewels befitting a monarch's crown,
Were the foot-prints left by Care.

And wherever had swept the breath of a sigh,
Was left a rich perfume;
And with light from the fountain of bliss in the sky,
Shone the labor of Sorrow and Gloom.

And then I prayed, when my last work is done,
And the silver life-cord riven,
Be the stain of sorrow the deepest one
That I bear with me to heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FEAR IN CHILDREN.—HARRIET MARTINEAU'S EARLY EXPERIENCE.

[From Harriet Martineau on Education in People's Journal.]

There is nothing in which children differ more than in their capacity for Fear. But every child has it more or less,—or ought to have it: for nothing can be made of a human being who has never experienced it. A child who has never known any kind of fear can have no power of imagination;—can feel no wonder, no impulse of life, no awe or veneration. Such a case probably does not exist, except in a condition of idiotcy. A child who is called fearless, and who is congratulated upon this,—who shows no shyness of strangers, who does not mind cold water, or falls, or being in the dark, who runs after animals, and plays with ugly insects, may yet cower under a starry sky, or tremble at thunder, or be impressed for life by a mysterious dream. It is for the parents to watch the degree and the direction of an infant's fear, firmly assured that whatever be this degree and direction, all may end well under prudent care.

The least favorable case is that of the apathetic child. When it appears indifferent to whatever may happen to it, and shrinks from nothing, it must be as incapable of hope and enjoyment as of fear, and there must be something amiss in its health,—in its nervous system; and its health is what must be looked to first. It must be well nourished and amused: its perceptive faculties must be exercised, and every sort of activity must be encouraged. If this succeeds, and its feelings begin to show themselves, fear will come with the rest; and then its education in that respect must begin. But it must ever be carefully remembered that fear often puts on the appearance of apathy,—especially in a proud child. No creature is so intensely reserved as a proud and timid child; and the cases are few in which the parents know anything of the agonies of its little heart, the spasms of its nerves, the soul sickness of its days, the horrors of its nights. It hides its miseries under an appearance of indifference or obstinacy, till its habitual terror impairs its health, or drives it into a temper of defiance or recklessness. I can speak with some certainty of this, from my own experience. I was as timid a child as ever was born; yet nobody knew or could know, the extent of this timidity; for though abundantly open about everything else, I was as secret as the grave about this. I had a dream at four years old which terrified me to such an excess that I cannot now recall it without a beating of the heart. I could not look up at the sky on a clear night; for I felt as if it was only just above the tree tops, and must crush me. I could not cross the yard except at a run,—from a sort of feeling, with no real belief,—that a bear was after me. The horrors of my nights were inexpressible. The main terror however was a magic-lantern which we were treated with once a year, and sometimes twice. We used to talk of this exhibition as a prodigious pleasure; and contrived to reckon it as such: but I never saw the white cloth, with its circle of yellow light, without being in a cold perspiration from head to foot. One of the pictures on the slides was always suppressed by my father, lest it should frighten the little ones;—a dragon's head, vomiting flames. He little thought that a girl of thirteen could be terrified by this: but when I was thirteen,—old enough to be put in charge of some children who were to see the magic lantern,—this slide was exhibited by one of my brothers among the rest. I had found it hard enough to look and laugh before; and now I turned so faint that I could not stand, but by grasping a chair. But for the intensity of my shame, I should have dropped. Much of the benefit of instruction was lost to me during all the years that I had masters: my memory failed me when they knocked at the door, and I could never ask a question, or get voice to make a remark. I could never play to my music master, or sing with a clear voice but when I was sure nobody could hear me. Under all this, my health was bad; my behaviour was dogged and provoking, and my temper became for a time insufferable. Its improvement began from the year when I first obtained some release from habitual fear. During these critical years I misled every body about me by a habit of concealment on this one subject which I am sure I should not now have strength for under any inducement whatever. Because I climbed our apple tree, and ran along the top of a high wall, and took great leaps, and was easily won by benevolent strangers, and because I was never known to hint or own myself afraid, no one suspected that fear was at the bottom of the immoveable indifference and apparently unfeeling obstinacy by which I perplexed and annoyed everybody about me. I make these confessons willingly, in the hope that some inexperienced or busy parent may be awakened by them to observe whether the seeming apathy of a child be really from indifference, or the outward working of some hidden passion of fear.

Bold children are good and promising subjects; and it is a delightful thing to a parent's heart to see an infant fairly trying its powers against difficulties and obstacles—confronting nature in all seasons, of light and darkness, of sunshine and tempest, in the face of strangers and friends alike, free and fearless. It is delightful to think how much misery and embarrassment he is spared, by his happy constitution of nerves and brain. But, while the proud parent sees in him the future discoverer or sailor, or leader among men, it must be remembered that in order to be come great, in order to become truly a man in all he must learn and endure much that can be learned and endured only through fear, and the conquest of it. That there is some fear in him is certain; and the parent must silently search it out, and train it up into that awe and modesty which are necessary to the high courage of a whole life. No man or woman can be a faithful servant of Duty, qualified to live, suffer, and die for it, who has not grown up in awe of something higher than himself—in veneration of some powers greater than he can understand; and this awe and veneration have in them a large element of fear at the beginning. What this element is, in each case, the parents must set themselves to understand. Too many think it their duty to make a child afraid, if fear does not seem to come of itself; and too many do this without thinking it their duty, from the spirit of opposition being excited in themselves, from the experience of inconvenient fearlessness in the child. I have known a tutor avow his practice of beating a bold boy till he broke two canes over him, because the boy ought to learn that he is under a power (a power of arm) greater than his own, and must, through fear of it, apply himself to his appointed business. Such inflictions make a boy reckless, or obstinate, or deceitful. And I have seen far too many instances of irritable parents who have tried to manage a high-spirited child by threats; and, the threats failing, by blows, or shutting up in the dark, or hobgoblin prophecies, which have created no real awe or obedience, but only defiance, or forced and sullen submission. This will never do. A tender parent will never have the heart to breed fear in a child, knowing that "fear hath torment." A truly loving parent will know that it would be less unkind to bruise his child's limbs, or burn its flesh, than to plant torturing feelings in his mind. The most effectual way, for all purposes, is to discover the fear that is already there, in order to relieve him from it, by changing this weakness into a source of strength and comfort. What is it—this fear that lies hidden in him? A boy who is not afraid of the dark, or of a bull, or of a ghost, may tremble at the sight of a drunken man, or at the hearing of an oath. A girl who is not afraid of a spider or a toad, or of thieves, or of climbing ladders, may tremble at the moaning of the wind in the chimney, or at a frown from her mother, or at entering a sick chamber. Whatever be the fear, let the parents watch carefully but silently, till they have found it out: and, having found it out, let them lead on the child to conquest, both by reason and by bringing such courage as he has to bear on the weak point. In any case, whether of a bold or a timid child, the only completely effectual training comes from the parents' example. If the every day life of the parents shows that they dread nothing but doing wrong, for either themselves or their children, the fears of the most timid and of the boldest will alike take this direction, sooner or later: and the courage of both will, with more or less delay, become adequate to bear and do anything for conscience sake. If it be the clear rule and habit of an entire household to dread and detest only one thing, the fear and dislike of every mind in the household will become concentrated upon that one thing, and every heart will become stout to avoid and repel it. And if the one dreaded thing be sin, it is well; for the courage of each and all will be perpetually reinforced by the whole strength of the best faculties of every mind.

As for the case of the timid child,—let not the parent be disheartened, for the noblest courage of man or woman has often grown out of the excessive fears of the child. It is true, the little creature is destined to undergo many a moment of agony, many an hour of misery, many a day of discouragement; but all this pain may be more than compensated for by the attainment of such a freedom and strength at last as may make it feel as if it has passed from hell to heaven. Think what it must be for a being who once scarcely dared to look round from fear of lights on the ceiling or shadows on the wall, who started at the patter of the rain, or the rustle of the birds leaving the sprays, who felt suffocated by the breeze and maddened by the summer lightning, to pass free, fearless and glad through all seasons and their change,—all climes and their mysteries and dangers;—to pass exhilarated through raging seas, over glaring deserts, and among wild forests! Think what it must be for a creature who once trembled before a new voice or a grave countenance, and writhed under a laugh of ridicule, and lied, at the cost of deep mental agony, to avoid a rebuke,—think what it must be to such a creature to find itself at last free and fearless,—enjoying such calm satisfaction within as to suffer nothing from the ridicule or the blame of those who do not know his mind, and so thoroughly acquainted with the true value of things as to have no dread of sickness, or poverty, or the world's opinon, because no evil that can befall him can touch his peace! Think what a noble work it will be to raise your trembling little one to such a condition as this, and you will be eager to begin the task at once, and patient and watchful to continue it from day to day.

First, how to begin. The most essential thing for a timid infant is to have an absolutely unfailing refuge in its mother. It may seem unnecessary to say this. It may appear impossible that a mother's tenderness should ever fail toward a helpless little creature who has nothing but that tenderness to look to: but alas! it is not so. I know a lady who is considered very sweet tempered, and who usually is so—kind and hospitable, and fond of her children. Her infant under six months old was lying on her arm one day when the dessert was on the table; and the child was eager after the bright glasses and spoons, and more restless than was convenient. After several attemps to make it lie quiet, the mother slapped it,—slapped it hard. This was from an emotion of disappointed vanity, from vexation that the child was not "good" before visitors. If such a thing could happen, may we not fear that other mothers may fail in tenderness,—in the middle of the night, for instance, after a toilsome day, when kept awake by the child's restlessness, or amidst the hurry of the day, when business presses, and the little creature will not take its sleep! Little do such mothers know the fatal mischief they do by impairing their child's security with them. If they did, they would undergo anything before they would let a harsh word or a sharp tone escape them, or indulge in a severe look or a hasty movement. A child's heart responds to the tones of its mother's voice like a harp to the wind; and its only hope for peace and courage is in hearing nothing but gentleness from her, and experiencing nothing but unremitting love, whatever may be its troubles elsewhere. Supposing this to be all right, the mother will feel herself from the first the depositary of its confinence;—a confidence as sacred as any other, though tacit, and about matters which may appear to all but itself and her infinitely small. Entering by sympathy into its fears, she will incessantly charm them away, till the child becomes open to reason,—and even afterwards; for the most terrible fears are precisely those which have nothing to do with reason. She will bring it acquainted with every object in the room or house, letting it handle in merry play everything which could look mysteriously to its fearful eye, and rendering it familiar with every household sound. Some of my worst fears in infancy were from lights and shadows. The lamp-lighter's torch on a winter's afternoon, as he ran along the street, used to cast a gleam, and the shadow of the window frames, on the ceiling; and my blood ran cold at the sight, every day, even though I was on my father's knee, or on the rug in the middle of the circle round the fire. Nothing but compulsion could make me enter our drawing-room before breakfast on a summer morning; and if carried there by the maid, I hid my face in a chair that I might not see what was dancing on the wall. If the sun shone (as it did at that time of day,) on the glass lustres on the mantle-piece, fragments of gay colour were cast on the wall; and as they danced when the glass drops were shaken, I thought they were alive,—a sort of imps. But, as I never told any body what I felt, these could not be met, or charmed away; and I grew up to an age which I will not mention before I could look steadily at prismatic colours dancing on the wall. Suffice it that it was long after I had read enough of Opics to have taught any child how such colours came there. Many an infant is terrified at the shadow of a perforated night-lamp, with its round spaces of light. Many a child lives in perpetual terror of the eyes of portraits on the walls,—or of some grotesque shape in the pattern of the paper-hangings. Sometimes the terror is of the clack of the distant loom, or of the clink from the tinman's, or of the rumble of carts under a gateway, or of the creak of a water-wheel, or the gush of a mill-race. Everything is or may be terrifying to a timid infant; and it is therefore a mother's charge to familiarise it gently and playfully with everything that it can possibly notice, making sport with all sights, and inciting it to imitation of all sounds—from the drone of the pretty bee to the awful cry of the old clothes-man;—from the twitter of the sparrows on the roof to the toll of the distant church bell.

It is a matter of course that no mother will allow any ignorant person to have access to her child who will frighten it with goblin stories, or threats of the old black man. She might as well throw up her charge at once, and leave off thinking of house-hold education altogether, as permit her child to be exposed to such maddening inhumanity as this. The instances are not few of idiotcy or death from terror so caused.

While thus preventing or scattering fears which arise from the imagination, both parents should be constantly using the little occasions which are always arising, for exercising their child's courage. The most timid children have always courage in one direction or another. While I was trembling and fainting under magic-lanterns and street cries, I could have suffered any pain and died any death without fear, the circumstances being fairly laid before me. Let the timid child be made hardy in its play by example and encouragement. Let it be cheered on to meet necessary pain without flinching,—the taking out a thorn, or pulling out a tooth. Let it early hear of real heroic deeds,—hear them spoken of with all the affectionate admiration with which we naturally speak of such acts. If a life is saved from fire or drowning, let the children hear of it as a joyful fact. Let them hear how steadily William Tell's little son stood for his father to shoot through the apple. Let them hear how the good man who was on his way to be burnt for his religion took off his shoes, and gave them to a barefooted man who came to stare at him, saying that the poor man wanted the shoes, but he could do without them now. Let them hear of the other good man who was burnt for his religion, and who promised some friends, in danger of the same fate, that he would clasp his hands above his head in the midst of the fire, if he found the pain so bearable that he did not repent, and who did lift up his arms and join them after his hands were consumed,—so giving his friends on the hill-side comfort and strength. If any child of your acquaintance does a brave thing, or bears pain cheerfully, let your children hear of it as a good and happy thing. Above all, let them see, as I said before, all their lives long, that *you* fear nothing but wrong-doing,—neither tempests nor comets, nor reports of famine or fever, nor the tongues of the quarrelsome, nor any other of the accidents of life,—no pain, in short, but pain of conscience,—and the same spirit will strengthen in them. Their fear will follow the direction of yours; their courage will comein sympathy with yours; and their minds will fill more and more with thoughts of hope and heroism which must in time drive out such remaining terrors as cannot be met by fact or reason.

In this fearlessness of yours is included fearlessness for your chileren, as well as for yourselves. While their limbs are soft and feeble, of course you must be strength and safety to them: but when they arrive at a free use of their limbs and senses, let them fully enjoy that free use. We English are behind almost every nation in the strength and hardihood of the race of children. In America I have seen little boys and girls perched in trees overhanging fearful precipices, and crawling about great holes in bridges, while the torrent was rushing below; and I could not learn that accidents from such practices were ever heard of. In Switzerland I have seen mere infants scrambling among the rocks after the goats,—themselves as safe as kids, from the early habit of relying on their own powers. In Egypt and Nubia I have seen five-year old boys poppling about like ducks in the rapids of the Nile, while some, not much older, were not satisfied with hauling and pushing, as our boat ascended the cataract, but swam and dived, to heave off her keel from sunken rocks. Such children are saved from danger, as much as from fear, by an early use of all the powers they have: and it would be a happy thing for many an English child if its parents were brave enough to encourage it to try how much it can do with its wonderful little body. Of this, however, we shall have to say more under another head.

INTERESTING EXCAVATIONS AT POMPEII.

In the street leading from the ancient seashore, in the neighborhood of the theatres, to the so-called crossway of the Fortuna, and thence in a direct line to the northern city wall, there has been excavated a house that surpasses in richness and elegance all that has been discovered previously. The space of the court-yard is open, has a Mosaic pavement, and on the walls fantastic pictures of the richest and most tasteful style. At the sides of the atrium (court-yard) are small sleeping-rooms, with wall paintings. In the back ground of the reception-hall is a dining room, where are seen three large paintings of full-size figures. They represent Hercules and Omphale holding his club, and wrapped in the skin of the Nemæan lion. Next, Bacchus as a boy, and arm-in-arm with Silenus, on a cart drawn by two oxen, and followed by Bacchantines. Thirdly, a Bacchanal procession of triumph, with a Victoria, who engraves into a shield the exploits of the victorious god. Here were also the Triklina, reposing beds, (not unlike our low divans,) the feet of which are richly adorned with silver. Behind the reception-hall there appears a garden; with a magnificent fountain at the end, adorned with much Mosaic, and a little marble statue of Silenus. In the middle is the water-reservoir, adorned with elegant marble sculptores, such as a small Faunus drawing out a thorn from the foot of a goat, a bearded satyr, a stag, a hare stealing grapes, an amorino upon a dolphin, a youthful field goddess keeping on her lap a new-born goat, whose mother is caressing it standing on her hind legs. This dwelling joins a second equally open atrium where the servants lived. Here was found a four-wheeled wagon with iron wheels and much bronze ornament. The kitchen contained many neat implements of bronze, and the traces of smoke were in many places visible after the lapse of eighteen centuries. The dwelling had—what is very rare—second and third stories, to which led a wide staircase. Upon a small picture close to the staircase lies a letter with the (scarcely legible) name of the owner of the house, in oblique characters, and plainly indicating his rank. It belonged to one of the Curiæ or Senators of Pompeii. All the walls and rooms of the house are decorated with pictures of comic and tragic scenes, and upon one of them is depicted a young girl with masks and double flute. The house has therefore been christened, Casa della Sonatrice 'ordell' Ercole Ubbriaco. It is the newest excarvation of importance.

A REMARKABLE ÆROLITE. On the 14th July last, a remarkable ærolite fell at Branman, in Bohemia. Two fragments were found, one weighing fifteen the other twenty-one kilogrammes. The ærolite appeared to proceed, as is very often the case, from a small black cloud. The smaller fragment fell upon a house, pierced the roof, struck a beam which caused it to deviate slightly from its course, passed through a ceiling composed of white clay and straw, and entered a room where several persons were assembled, but, fortunately, no one was hurt. A circumstance worthy of remark was, that the straw of the ceiling traversed by the meteor was not in the least carbonized; it only appeared of a brighter yellow, with semi-metalic lustre; pieces of straw even adhering to the stone presented no trace of carbonization. A fragment has been analyzed by M. Fisher, of Breslau, who found in it, besides sulphuretted iron, carbon, phosphorus, and *bromine*. In sawing the mass, globules were inflamed by the friction of the teeth of the saw, and a bright light produced.

[Literary Gazette.

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER. A few years since, but before the "Great Northern Railroad" passed through his farm, he was on his way to the Old Homestead. He took the stage at Concord, N. H., and had for a companion a very old man. After some conversation, he ascertained that the old man was from the neighboring town to Salisbury, and he asked him if he ever knew "Captain Webster?"

"Surely I did," said the old man, "and the Captain was a brave and good man, sir, and nobly did he fight for us, with General Stark, at Bennington."

"Did he leave any children?" said Mr. Webster.

"Oh, yes; there was Ezekiel, and I think Daniel."

"And what has become of them?" asked Mr. Webster.

"Why, Ezekiel—and he was a powerful man, sir—I have heard him *plead* in court often; yes, sir, he was a powerful man, and fell dead while pleading at Concord."

"Well," said Mr. Webster, "and what became of Daniel?"

"Daniel—Daniel," repeated the old man, thoughtfully, "why Daniel, I *believe*, is a lawyer about Boston, somewhere."

THE RIGHT OF BURIAL REFUSED. [We take the following from the Christian Freeman. Such acts of oppression and cruelty have their full share of influence, we doubt not, in opening the eyes of many Catholics in this country to the false claims of their Church. We should suppose that mere expediency would dictate a different course.]

"A respected member of our society was called to sympathize with his sister in her bereavement of a husband. The deceased was of Irish parents, who are Catholics. His mother called upon her bishop, Fitzpatrick, on the morning of the deceases, and requested, and earnestly pleaded that her son might be buried in the Catholic burying ground, in South Boston, in which the family owned a share. But the bishop peremptorily refused to grant her request. His reasons were, that the son married a Protestant wife; and he did not come to the priest after his marriage and ask the forgiveness of the church, and become re-instated; and he did not receive the prayers of the priest before his death. The grief stricken mother returned, disappointed and heart broken. In the evening the father of the deceased went to the bishop, with the hope that he might find favor with his reverence. Our friend accompanied him. They arrived at the bishop's door about 9 o'clock, and pulled the bell. The bishop showed himself at the door, and the mourning father presented his plea for the privilege, and the right even—to lay the remains of his son in one of the graves which he himself owned in their ground before mentioned. The bishop replied that it was of no use for him to come at that time of night, or any other time, with such a request. The applicant then renewedly urged his *right*, as one of the few original proprietors of the ground. But the bishop refused to hear him through, and shut the door in the faces of his visitants, leaving them in their amazement on the steps of the door."

CATHOLIC NUNCIO FOR CONSTANTINOPLE. The Pope recently consecrated with his own hands, in the chapel of the Quirinal, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who goes to fulfil the functions of apostolic nuncio at the Court of Constantinople. The Patriarch is a man remarkable for the beauty of his features, the nobleness of his appearance, and the intelligence and cultivation of his mind; he has already spent ten years in a mission in the Levant, and is perfectly familiar with the language and manners of Turkey. He is accompanied by the Abbe Jemauri, who was the first, last year, to advise the Sultan to send an ambassador to Rome.

ROMAN CATHOLIC STATISTICS IN THE U. S. We learn from the Catholic Almanac for 1848, that the Catholic population in the country is estimated at 1,190,700. Within the United States there are three Catholic Archbishops, 24 Bishops, 890 Priests, and 907 churches. Twenty Priests died last year. There has been in the same period of time an accession of 76 to the number of Priests, and 95 additional churches have been erected or dedicated.

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FREDERICK A. GUSHEE, (late a Salesman at Darwin Chaffin's,) has taken the new Granite Store, 263 Washington St., third door north of Winter st., where may be found the RICHEST and BEST assortment of GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS in the city.

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Rooms to let over the Store. 1st† mh 20.

CHILD'S FRIEND FOR JANUARY.

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My Closet; or, the New Year's Gift.
Wonders of Geology.
Stanzas.
The Errand Boy.
Mariner's Hymn.
The Wishing-Cap, No. 3,—Concluded.
Who are the Rich?
To Hal.
Anecdote of General Putnam.
The Hermitage of Sainte Madeline.

This work is Edited by Mrs E. L. Follen, and Published 1st of each month at $1 50 per annum, by
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jan1 1is2o

E. P. PEABODY has just received the remnant of the Second Edition of "STUDIES IN RELIGION," and offers them for sale. This much esteemed work is particularly adapted for a gift to young and old at this season. Price 50 cents. is3t dec25

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GREENWOOD'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.—NEWLY STEREOTYPED EDITION. The subscribers have recently procured new stereotype plates of this popular collection of Sacred Poetry, now used of nearly all the Societies of the denomination, and have just published the 44th Edition, to which an addition of over One Hundred Hymns has been made.

They have also published another Edition containing in addition to the Hymns embraced in supplementary pages, a SERVICE BOOK for the use of those Societies desiring to introduce this mode of worship.

Two separate editions will in future be issued—one with the text as heretofore, for use where this edition is used or desired, corresponding in all respects to the one now in use, with the addition above referred to, but on new type, and the other with the Service Book and Supplementary Hymns.

The additions have been made, with great care, by the Rev R. C. Waterston, Pastor of the Church of the Saviour, and are highly approved by those who have examined the work, since they were made.

It is believed that this arrangement will meet the views of the numerous friends of this excellent collection who were desirous that it should embrace many Hymns of high character, written since it was first published, and others, which were not before inserted.

The following are some of the societies and towns in which the book is in use, viz: King's Chapel, (Rev. Mr. Peabody;) Hollis Street Society, (Rev. Mr. Fosdick;) New South Society (Rev. A. Young;) Federal street Society (Rev. Dr. Gannett;) Bulfinch st. Church (Rev. Frederick T. Gray;) Purchase street, (Rev. Mr. Coolidge,) Church of the Saviour, (Rev Mr Waterston;) Boston. Church of the Messiah, New York, (Rev. Dr. Dewey;) Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Rev. Mr. Farley;) College Chapel, and also Divinity Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Cambridgeport, Roxbury, Milton, Dorchester, Marshfield, Watertown, Brookfield, Brighton, Chelsea, Lowell, Lexington, Lincoln, Weston, Newburyport, Sandwich, Sherburne, Uxbridge, Medfield, Lancaster, Chelmsford, Hingham, Cohasset, Ashby, Andover, Dover, Northboro', Cabotville, Ipswich, Bedford, Greenfield, Beverly, Dedham, Medford, Billerica, Waltham, Lynn, Brookline, Sterling, Mass; Portsmouth, Walpole, Dover, N. H; Portland, Hallowell, Augusta, Bangor, Castine, Me; Hartford, Ct; Syracuse, Rochester, N. Y; Providence, Newport, R. I.; Brattleboro', Vt; Savannah, Geo; Mobile, Ala; Alton, Ill; St. Louis, Mo; Louisville, Ky; and many other societies in New England and the Southern and Western States.

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MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE FOR January.

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